THE BETTER AMERICA SERIES

Junior Home Mission Courses

BETTER AMERICANS

NUMBER TWO

MARY DEBARDELEBEN

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By MARY DEBARDELEBEN

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OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

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TO ELIZABETH OLDFIELD HADEN

SECOND MOTHER

Whose spirit of tolerance, sympathy, and love has helped me to a better understanding of Christ's program for a world brotherhood.

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The author also wishes to express her indebtedness to Mrs. M. O. Wilson, fellow worker, for inspiration and help in working out the expressional feature of the book.

Better Americans

Number Two

TO THE LEADER

With so many races—Indian, European, Negro, Oriental—living side by side in this land of ours, it is essential that we come to know the best that is in each other; that we appreciate to the fullest the contribution that each has made or is capable of making to our common life. This book, the second in The Better America Series, is designed, therefore, to contribute toward this better understanding, that Junior boys and girls may come in some measure to realize our indebtedness to all of the races that make up our great commonwealth; that attitudes of sympathy, appreciation, and gratitude toward races other than their own may be established; and that they develop the habit of expressing these attitudes.

General Features of the Course

Purpose. The book is intended to furnish material for use in Junior Departments of the Church School, Junior Missionary Societies, Christian Endeavor Societies, Week Day and Vacation Schools, and similar organizations. The sessions should be held at least weekly, to give the advantage of more regular and frequent contacts.

Method. The method used in the presentation of the lessons is a combination of story and conversation, as much initiative as possible being allowed the children. The conversation can be only suggestive at best for responses from the boys and girls will vary the details. The general drift of the conversation, however, will be

determined by the goal the teacher has in mind, the aim of the immediate lesson.

The group may be assigned stories to look up and bring in. They should be encouraged also to dramatize these stories. Certain projects may be assigned to different groups to work out for the class. Throughout the course the theme should be linked up with the work of the denomination the class represents.

The choice of stories has necessarily been limited by the general aim of the course; namely, to bring before boys and girls the contributions to America's greatness made by the different races that compose her population.

MATERIALS. References to outside literature are given, that the leader may have access to material that will further enrich and enliven the course. She should be constantly on the lookout, also, for additional, up-to-date material in current periodicals, that she may round out her own information and get more of the tolerant, sympathetic spirit of appreciation and understanding that she wishes the children to gain. Children whose parents have more recently come from other lands may be encouraged to bring in illustrative materials such as songs and games. If there are none of these in the group, the class may be able to make acquaintances among newly arrived people and bring in this material from first-hand contacts. Encourage the children to make collections, also, of pictures, stories, and so forth, from papers and magazines.

MAPS. Keep on hand maps of all countries—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—even if you have to draw them, that the children may be able to visualize to some extent the lands from which the immigrants come. Old geographies may be found useful in this connection.

Assignments. The leader should first read this book through, familiarizing herself with the general plan of the course. Before leading each study, she should have read carefully and planned the succeeding study, in order to give the assignment clearly and fully.

Museum and Exhibit. Be constantly on the lookout for pictures which illustrate the land, the people, and the customs of Europeans; the ships that bring them to this country; Ellis Island, through which they pass; tenement houses in which some of them live; Indian relics, oriental curios, handwork, and so forth. From time to time suggestions are made with reference to posters and note-books. It will be well to keep all these things carefully and at the close of the course give an exhibit of the children's work together with a dramatization. This latter will be suggested in more detail later on.

Cooperation with the Church Board. Write to your Church Board for leaflets on your denominational work among the different races—Orientals, Europeans, Indians, Negroes, or Mexicans. Find out with whom you are working; where you are working; the kinds of activities. Get pictures of the work, of the people, and any other material that may be used by the children in making posters. Find out what your Board is doing locally, and work in cooperation with it. Perhaps it conducts a community center for foreigners. Various ways of helping will be suggested by the children after a carefully planned visit. Christmas, Thanksgiving, and other special anniversaries will afford delightful opportunities for expressions of friendship and good-will. Perhaps the children who attend the community house or school might exchange visits and put on a program for the children of your group. If there is no local work, as will

doubtless be the case in small towns or country communities, the leader may consult her mission board regarding the possibility of arranging for the exchange of group letters with children in one of the schools supported by the denomination, or for the sending of Thanksgiving or Christmas boxes.

Devotional Features

The devotional feature of the course is provided for through Scripture lesson, song, and prayer. Sometimes this may be placed in the program before the lesson topic for the day, sometimes after, sometimes brought into the topic, or it may be used to sum up the impressions of the lesson. The leader is at liberty to choose the place she prefers for this feature of the program.

HYMNS. The hymns have been selected with reference to their value as a contribution to the child's spiritual development as well as their fitness to the lesson material. They will be found in the *Hymnal for American Youth*.[1] It is well to begin thus early to give the children appreciation for that which is of genuine worth in literature and music.

PRAYER. This is emphasized throughout the course. The children themselves may make suggestions as to what shall be included in the prayers. When the course is sufficiently far advanced for them to be influenced by its spirit, they might be encouraged each to write what he thinks should be included in a class prayer, and a committee of the children work all the individual suggestions for this over into a class prayer.

The following ritual of thanksgiving[2] is given in order

[1] *Hymnal for American Youth.* Century Co., New York. $1.00.
[2] Adapted from *Litany of Thanksgiving.* Published by Womans Press, September, 1923.

that, if desired, it may be used as part of the expressional work, running through several of the lessons, the children taking the initiative in working out the new section in keeping with the topic of the lesson.

A Ritual of Thanksgiving

Spirit of America: America is a land of but one people gathered from many countries. Some have come for love of freedom and some have sought opportunity. Whatever the cause that drew them, each has brought his gift. Irish and Scotch, English and Dutch, Italian, Greek, and French, Negro, Spaniard, Slav, Norse, or Teuton—all have laid them on my altar.

Boys and Girls: For all of these gifts, we thank Thee, Lord.

The Mexican lays his contribution of coal, beet-sugar, fruits, wool, and so forth, at the feet of America.

Spirit of America: One and one-half million Mexicans are helping me in the construction of my railroads, in mining my coal, copper, gold, and silver, making possible the rapid progress of my beet-sugar industry, increasing my wool production, excelling in the raising of flowers for my floral trade, raising fruits and vegetables to feed my people. And it was largely their labor that turned Salt River Valley in Arizona, my worst desert, into a productive region, by the construction of the Roosevelt Dam. Worthy are they to be called Americans.

Boys and Girls: For all these gifts, we thank Thee, Lord.

The Scandinavian lays his contribution of coal, copper, iron, lumber, wheat, etc., at the feet of the Spirit of America.

Spirit of America: The Scandinavians are mining my coal, raising wheat to feed my people, helping in the manufacturing of my farm implements, developing my farm industry. Worthy are they, too, to be called Americans.

Boys and Girls: For all these gifts, we thank Thee, Lord.

And so on with Jew, Italian, German, Slav, Irish, the Negro, the Indian, until every race represented has laid his gift at the feet of the Spirit of America.

Spirit of America: All have brought hands with which to work; all have brought minds that could conceive both truth and beauty; all have brought hearts filled with high hopes, stout hearts to drive live minds, live minds to guide strong hands. I am the spiritual mingling of all groups and races of America. I will that they have the enjoyment of equal rights and be given equal respect.

Boys and Girls: May her will be done, Lord.

Program Suggestions

A comprehensive program may be given at the close of the course, embodying quite a number of features of the work of the class. The purpose of the program will be, not only to round out the course for the children themselves, but to stimulate them to community interest in the nationalities in their midst and in the part their own church is taking in making better Americans of all the races and nationalities that go to make up our common life.

Decorations. Provide or make flags of America and of the nations from which our immigrants come. Also make posters illustrating the work done by the church with various groups; of good and bad conditions existing among these groups, etc.

Singing. There should be congregational singing of patriotic songs. If possible, special songs may be sung by groups from races or nationalities (in costume). If there are no such groups available in your community, the boys and girls themselves may sing special songs, in costume, if possible.

PROGRAM. The program may be chosen from any one of the topics studied, such as health, invention, art, music, etc., or it may be varied as the leader sees fit. The following are suggestions.

Health

1. Stories of what various nationalities and races have done to develop institutions for bettering health conditions in America.[1]

2. Discussion of the health program of our own church, such as hospitals, clinics, and nurses' training in crowded cities and among Negroes and Indians. The charts and posters may be used to a good advantage.

3. Some health needs in our own community and what the church can do to meet them.

The Negro

1. Singing Negro spirituals.

2. Negro contributions, such as inventions, scientific discoveries, and the writing of poetry.[2]

3. Reading Negro poetry.

4. What the church is doing to help the Negro.

The Indian

1. A boy or girl, dressed as an Indian, may give the Indian version of the Twenty-third Psalm.

2. Someone may review the welcome the Indians

[1] Write to National Child Welfare Association, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for suggestions.

[2] Good background material for this will be found in *In the Vanguard of a Race.* *See* Reading List.

gave to the white man on his coming to America. This may be dramatized.

3. Dramatize William Penn's work with the Indians.

4. What our church is doing for the Indian. The posters may all be used to advantage.

A fitting close to the program will be the ritual of thanksgiving as suggested in the introduction. This will have been worked out as the course has advanced and can easily be given at this time. The ritual may be closed by repeating the "Immigrant's Prayer," [1] the children representing the different nationalities coming to the front of the platform and kneeling under the flag, while one or more of the group recites the prayer.

The entire congregation at the close of the prayer should join in the song, "America the Beautiful."

If it is not desired to give the entire program, any one of these short sections may be given before the Sunday school, at the Junior Missionary Society, or League, or at the Christian Endeavor.

The Immigrant's Thanksgiving Prayer

At thy altar, O God of the ancient ages, the creator of many nations, and the Father of our fathers, we kneel today in common worship with the children of the Pilgrims to offer Thee our prayers of Thanksgiving.

We, O Father, are the Pilgrims of today, exiles from many lands; we have come to seek the greatest of all Thy gifts, Liberty to worship Thee in freedom and in peace.

We therefore offer Thee today our prayers of Thanksgiving even as did the Pilgrims of old.

We thank Thee for America.

We thank Thee for the America which Thou hast raised to greatness among the nations.

[1] By Aghavnie Yeghenian. Reprinted by permission from *The Association Monthly* for November, 1921.

We thank Thee for the America which Thou hast replenished with wealth and power.

We thank Thee for the America which Thou hast crowned with the ideal of service to the brotherhood of men.

And we pray Thee, O God of the ages, to grant us who come from many lands—from lands of suffering, of oppression, of persecution, of war—the grateful heart for the appreciation of freedom, of opportunity, of peace, which we come to seek here.

We pray Thee, O Creator of men, to grant to the America of today, that sense of her brotherhood with the many races within her gates, that sense of her obligation to the broken world outside, that sense of her responsibility which befits her greatness.

We pray Thee, O Father of our fathers, to renew and broaden the vision of the Pilgrims in their children of today; we pray Thee to continue in them the communion of the spirit of their fathers; to guard them in their prosperity and ease from selfishness, arrogance, and pride; to keep them in their greatness and power, sensitive to the sorrow of the world and to the suffering of mankind.

And we pray Thee, our God, to help the children of the Pilgrims to bring Thy kingdom here in America, so that even at the threshold of its gates the immigrant can behold through tearless eyes at last the dream of man realized, the City of God rising, the majesty of a fair country to enter; and in common brotherhood with its makers, kneel in common worship to thank Thee. *Amen.*

Reading List

Americans All. AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 40 cents.

Americans by Adoption. JOSEPH HUSBAND. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $1.00.

Americanization of Edward Bok, The. EDWARD BOK. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.00.

Better Americans: Number One. JOYCE CONSTANCE MANUEL. Council of Women for Home Missions and Missionary Education Movement, New York. 60 cents.

Broad Stripes and Bright Stars. CAROLYN BAILEY. Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. 75 cents.

Dramatization in the Church School. ELIZABETH E. MILLER. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $1.25.

Following the Dramatic Instinct. ANITA B. FERRIS. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 75 cents.

From Immigrant to Inventor. MICHAEL PUPIN. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.00.

Handicapped Winners. SARA ESTELLE HASKIN. Smith and Lamar, Nashville, Tenn. 50 cents.

Heroes of Progress. EVA MARCH TAPPAN. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $1.25.

Heroic Lives. ALBERT ROSS VAIL. Beacon Press, Boston. 50 cents.

Heroines of Service. MARY R. PARKMAN. Century Co., New York. $1.75.

Hymnal for American Youth. Century Co., New York. $1.00.

In the Vanguard of a Race. MRS. L. H. HAMMOND. Missionary Education Movement, New York. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

Land of All Nations. MARGARET R. SEEBACH. Council of Women for Home Missions and Missionary Education Movement, New York. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

Light Bringers, The. MARY H. WADE. Little, Brown and Co., Boston. $1.65.

Magic Box, The. ANITA B. FERRIS. Council of Women for Home Missions and Missionary Education Movement, New York. Cloth, 65 cents; paper, 40 cents.

Missionary Education in the Home and School. RALPH E. DIFFENDORFER. Abingdon Press, New York. $2.00.

Missionary Education of Juniors. J. GERTRUDE HUTTON. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 60 cents.

Missionary Program Material. ANITA B. FERRIS. Missionary Education Movement, New York. $1.00.

More Than Conquerors. ARIADNE GILBERT. Century Co., New York. $1.75.

Our Foreign-born Citizens. ANNIE S. BEARD. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. $2.00.

Pilgrims of Today. MARY H. WADE. Little, Brown and Co., Boston. $1.65.

Promised Land, The. MARY ANTIN. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $2.50.

Stay-at-Home Journeys. AGNES WILSON OSBORNE. Council of Women for Home Missions and Missionary Education Movement, New York. Cloth, 60 cents; paper, 40 cents.

Stories of Brotherhood. HAROLD B. HUNTING. Missionary Education Movement, New York. Cloth, 60 cents; paper, 40 cents.

Story of a Pioneer. ANNA HOWARD SHAW. Harper and Brothers, New York. $2.00.

Story of the Flag. VIRGINIA BAKER. Owen Publishing Co., Dansville, N. Y.

Training World Christians. GILBERT LOVELAND. Methodist Book Concern, New York. $1.25.

Uncle Sam's Family. DOROTHY MCCONNELL. Council of Women for Home Missions and Missionary Education Movement, New York. $1.00.

World Friendship Through the Church School. J. L. Lobingier. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $1.25.

Picture Sheet Series

These are twelve- and in some cases sixteen-page folders of pictures, most of which measure 5 x 7 inches. Price for each folder, 25 cents. Order through denominational headquarters.

America at Home
Children of the City
How We Are Fed
How We Are Sheltered
Mexicans in the United States
Negro Neighbors
Orientals in the United States
Work Around the World

FIRST SESSION

BROTHERS TOGETHER FOUNDING THE NATION

NOTE: The leader should have on hand for this session large maps of Europe and the United States; outline maps of the United States;[1] school crayons; different colored cords; thumb tacks; note-book and pencil for each child; material, particularly pictures, concerning the work of your denomination among Indians. Any other attractive pictures of Indians and Indian life.

AIM: *To help boys and girls to understand how, from the very beginning, people of many races and nationalities have worked together in the building of a better America.*

1. Song: "America."

2. Approach to the lesson.

Write on the board the phrases, "Land where my fathers died" and "Land of the pilgrims' pride." Ask the children who were their "fathers"? From what lands did they come? Many of them will not know, but by a discussion about names, the leader may help them come to some conclusions, at least to the extent that they will see that their "fathers" were from many nationalities.

3. Development of the lesson.

Who were the first to come? Yes, the English settled here in Virginia and here in New England. Let us fasten an end of this red string here, in England (*leader pins it on the map*), and this end of it here to New England. Another red string we will run down here into Virginia. To what other parts of our country did English people come in the early days? Yes, other red strings we

[1] Obtainable from bookstores or from A. Flanagan Co., Chicago, one cent each.

will run from England here to the Carolinas, here to Georgia, here to Maryland, and here to Pennsylvania. Why did they come? Here in Pennsylvania the Friends or Quakers settled; here in Maryland, Roman Catholics. They all felt that they were coming to a great free country. Now we find these red cords going out to points all along the seaboard. How many different religions? Puritans? Quakers? Roman Catholics? Did America belong to the Puritans any more than to the Quakers or to the Roman Catholics? Why?

Now can someone take this green string and run it to another part of America from another part of Europe, showing people of other races who came over?

In this way, using different colored cords, the children may trace the process of colonization until they see that the Atlantic seaboard is settled by people of different nationalities—English, German, Dutch, Swedish, French (both on the Atlantic seaboard and in the South), and Spanish. (Consult a United States history for definite information as to location.) Black strings from Africa to Virginia, Massachusetts, New York, and different points along the coast will indicate the introduction of Negro slaves into America.

Now lead the children into a discussion of the land *to which* their "fathers" came, the difficulties in getting food and shelter, etc.

To whom did this land belong? Let us put little red dots all over our map to show that the Indian was already here. How did these owners of America receive our immigrant fathers?

Let me tell you a story about how the first immigrants to America were treated by the people who already lived here.

The Story of Squanto

It was a day in winter, and the wind blew strong as Squanto, an Indian scout, knelt beside the log stockade of the Pilgrims, down at the foot of the hill, gazing in at them through the cracks. What he saw caused him astonishment. There were only half the number that had come to Plymouth sometime before in the ship *Mayflower,* and that half, men and women, sat huddled now about a single fire in the big room of the fort. Their pinched, white faces told a pitiful story to the Indian. They were starving! At once Squanto thought of his own lodge that was hung with dried venison and fish and stored with grains and dried berries in preparation for this long, hard winter. These Pilgrims had none of such things.

Squanto rose to his feet and as "softly as a red leaf drifts, blown by the wind," he hurried back through the wintry woods of Plymouth to his people with the news that the Pilgrims, in spite of their courage and hard work, were about to lose their fight with hunger. The palefaces were conquered—unless— And what Squanto now thought made him travel very swiftly.

He did not stop until he reached camp, and then, around the council fire of the chief, Massasoit, there gathered immediately the chief members of his tribe to talk about the settlement at Plymouth. When they had said all they wished, Massasoit rose and led the way to a mound of earth just outside the limits of the camp. There were many of these mounds. Some of them held battle-axes and tomahawks, and bows and arrows; others held tools that the Indians had stolen from the Pilgrims and did not know how to use. They were Indian treasure mounds. Massasoit opened one of these mounds and lifted out some heavy baskets filled with kernels of grain—yellow and red and black. He fingered the yellow grains in his hands as if they were gold coins; indeed, they were more precious to him than money, for each one held a power that would help a hungry man keep alive a little longer. They were kernels of Indian corn. Massasoit lifted out a basket of corn and returned with it to his lodge. He had decided to help his paleface neighbors.

Some days later the Pilgrims were startled by an unexpected

sight. Two copper-skinned, half-naked Indian runners, straight as arrows, appeared in their midst. They were Squanto and his friend Samoset. They said that the great chief of their tribe, Massasoit himself, was coming with a company of warriors to visit the white men. Even as the runners spoke, the Pilgrims saw Massasoit and his men coming up the hill back of Plymouth, their faces painted with wide streaks of black and white or black and red, and foxes' tails hung in their long, snakelike hair. Each Indian carried a bow and arrows and a battleax. They stopped on the brow of the hill for an exchange of hostages.

The Pilgrims understood why they were waiting, for the giving and taking of hostages was an old custom of the nations. Quickly they got ready a man to go to meet the Indians. He wore polished armor, had a sword, and carried knives and copper chains as gifts. His name was Winslow and his going showed great courage, for Massasoit had picked warriors with him. When Winslow stood before the Indians, however, they stacked their weapons and followed him down the hill into Plymouth.

The Pilgrims seated the Indians on cushions and feasted them from the scanty food they had left. When the feast was over, the first treaty made between the white men and the red was signed. The Indians who could speak English learned the words by heart and taught them to the others. It was an excellent peace compact. By it the Indians and the Pilgrims agreed to do each other no hurt. The races would be allies, and Massasoit would send word about this treaty to all the Indian tribes thereabout. After the treaty was signed Massasoit arose and, with his warriors following him, went back across the hill to his camp.

But Squanto lingered. He opened his cloak of deerskin and drew out a basket of strange yellow and red and black seeds, and showed them to the wondering Pilgrims. He told them that these seeds, if planted correctly, would save them from starvation.

Now Squanto, who was a successful farmer, saw that the Pilgrims did not understand how to make crops grow in the New World. So "he showed them how to plant the corn in hills at a time in the spring when the new leaves on the trees were the size of a field mouse's ear. He told them that a fish buried in the earth of each hill would make the seed of corn in that hill grow.

He said that pumpkin and corn would grow together in the same field, and that while they were waiting for the harvest to grow, they could eat fish from the waters near by. They could get salmon by going out on the waters in an Indian canoe, which was very light. They could get eels by treading them out of the mud with their bare feet. Such food made splendid fare if rightly cooked." So Squanto gave his knowledge to the English settlers, and in return they gave him beads, a jackknife, shoes, and a hat.

How happy the Pilgrims were when the first green shoots of their planting pushed their way up through the earth! Then the spring turned into summer, and there were rich fields of grain and green gardens around their log homes. When autumn came, everybody went to the fields to help gather the harvest, even the governor. Every morning a drum would beat, calling the laborers to the fields.

There were now corn and corn-meal in the bin, and plenty of wild geese, turkeys, waterfowl, deer, and partridges in the country. The Pilgrims were very grateful for these blessings. They decided to spread a feast for everybody, in thanksgiving, to show their gratitude. So the housewives baked puddings and pies and roasts! Long tables set with pewter plates were stretched out, and along their sides, rush-bottomed chairs were placed for the guests. Everybody helped, even the children, for had they not all known what it meant to be cold and hungry and sad? And were they not all happy now? They gathered nuts and piled up baskets with apples for the feast.

And then, almost at the very hour set for the banquet, the great Indian chief, Massasoit, and his warriors appeared. They had heard of the Thanksgiving celebration and had come to take part in it! They set up their camp out of doors, and Massasoit sent his men out into the forest to hunt more game, so that there would be food enough, and the Pilgrims put up more tables under the trees. By and by these were spread with baked clams, broiled fish, roasted turkey, and corn, vegetables, and fruit.

Then they seated themselves, red men and white, for the first American Thanksgiving feast.

—Adapted from *Broad Stripes and Bright Stars.*[1]

[1] By permission of Milton Bradley Co. *See* Reading List.

What other things did the Pilgrims get from the Indians?

The following is given as an aid in the leader's preparation, but the boys and girls should be led to suggest most of the things themselves.

"Beginning with furnishings of the frontier home, they wore skins tanned after the Indian methods, corn-husk mats and mattresses, pillows of wild duck feathers, brushes of turkey feathers, birch-bark boxes and baskets, basswood bowls, woven willow baskets and chairs cunningly backed and seated with the pliable inner bark of hickory." The Indian taught the white man how to plant his corn and beans and squash together; the beans to twine up the corn stalk and the squash to shade the ground between so as to keep out the weeds, thus necessitating only one hoeing.

Pumpkin for pumpkin pie and corn-meal for Indian pudding the Indian gave the white man, as well as maple sugar, celery, cranberries, and oysters. Think of what Thanksgiving or Christmas would be without these good things to eat!

"The Indian has also to his credit the snowshoe, the birch-bark canoe, the moccasins, to say nothing of his wonderful blankets." It would have been almost impossible for our "fathers" to have pulled through that first long hard winter and the years immediately following without the kindly help of the Indians.

One of our red cords led from England to Pennsylvania. What man, may we say, was the first to stretch that cord? Let us see how he happened to come to America and win the honor of having one of the great United States bear his name today. How did the original Americans receive him? Who among you know something about the Quakers and their coming to America?

After the boys and girls have told what they know, one of them may tell the following story, which has been previously prepared by him.

A Story of William Penn

William Penn was the son of a wealthy old English family. Until he was a big boy, like other boys of the aristocratic families of his day, he wore a sword at his belt and thought nothing of it. Then one day something happened in the soul of William. He suddenly seemed to feel that God was very close. A great joy filled his heart, and he said: "I must help to keep love in the world. I will do nothing to hurt any human being. War is wrong. God does not want his children to fight and kill each other."

A little time later he joined the Quaker Church, a Church that stood for friendship and that would not let its members quarrel and fight. And soon he took off his sword and wore it no more, for swords were things to fight with.

But William Penn's country did not like Quakers! His own people, who belonged to the Church of England, did not like them! The Penns wanted William to belong to their Church and to have nothing to do with the silly Quakers, who were having to run away to America to keep from being put in jail. When William's father found that his son was a Quaker, he drove him away from home. He said he had disgraced the fine old Penn family. From college, Penn was also driven away because he was a Quaker. Cowardly Quaker, who believed in peace, when everybody else believed in fighting! Hadn't England been at war? Weren't other countries fighting all the time? Penn was even put in prison for his belief! And then his father became sorry, paid a sum of money that released him from prison, and was convinced that William was a fine boy!

Penn wanted to put love in the world in which he lived. He said that if all the countries would just come together in a great meeting and talk over their disputes, they wouldn't have to have war. But of course few people would listen to him. So he came to America to try his peace plan. The English king gave him a beautiful grant of wooded land over here, which was later named in his honor, Pennsylvania, and is now a whole State. Penn said: "This land is for the Quakers, or anybody else who wants to be free to worship God as he likes. Anybody may come if he will obey the laws and treat the Indians, who live in it already, right."

When Penn reached his land, he found himself at a place where he saw blue skies over his head, screaming flocks of wild fowl skimming across the skies, and thousands of old, old trees standing along the river banks, in their dresses of green and gold and red, casting their shadows across his path. On a high shore, among some pine trees, he saw a little town nestling, waiting for him to come up to it. Down the hill there came Dutchmen and Swedes and English people to meet him. Indians also came, in their beaded moccasins and robes of fur, all their head-plumes nodding. With them, Penn sat down on the grass and feasted on hominy and roasted acorns. Then he jumped about like a little boy and beat them at their own games. Penn called this little town, Philadelphia, or the "City of Brotherly Love."

But there was one thing that he had to do before the community could really be in fact as well as in name a city of brotherly love. Penn must gain the love and good-will of the Indians around. To do this, he went, with some chosen men, to sit with Taminend, the "King" of the Indians, under a great tree outside the town, in a peace conference. The Indians were first to arrive, and when Penn and his men came up, they were sitting in a circle, with their chief in the middle, near the council fire, ready to smoke a pipe of peace with the white men.

It was a wonderful meeting. First, Penn laid some presents before the Indians; and the sachem, Taminend, for a welcome, put on his kingly headdress that was topped by a deer's horn, and listened solemnly as Penn made a beautiful speech to him about why he had come. Penn said: "The Great Spirit, who made us and who rules the heavens and the earth and who knows man's deepest thoughts, knows that my friends and I wish to live in peace and friendship with you and to serve you. Let us live in brotherhood and love together." Then Penn read some rules to the Indians, about how he and they might live together as friends. These rules the Indians repeated to each other, thought about them, and then Taminend said: "The Red Men and the Pale-faces will keep these rules and live together in peace and love so long as the sun and the moon endure." Then they smoked a pipe of peace.

After this, the Indians called Penn their Elder Brother. They

loved and trusted him, and saw that his towns had peace when other towns had war. Long after this, when he had gone back to his home in England and had died, the Indians sent a message of mourning to his wife, saying how they missed their honored Brother Onas.

With the message they sent a present of beautiful skins for a cloak. It would "protect" her, they said, while she "passed through the thorny wilderness without her guide," meaning that it would help her to live in this world without her husband.

Always the Indians remembered Penn.

—Adapted.[1]

Where are the Indians of America today? What became of the Indians on the Atlantic Coast and in the states east of the Mississippi? An Indian poet, Ruth Margaret Muskrat, of Oklahoma, has written how the Indian feels about the going of his people to the West:

From the homes their fathers made,
From the graves the tall trees shade,
For the sake of greed and gold,
The Cherokees were forced to go
To a land they did not know;
And Father Time or wisdom old
Cannot erase, thru endless years,
The memory of the trail of tears.

Have any of you heard of Miss Muskrat? She is an exceptionally gifted girl, a student at Mount Holyoke College. Some time ago she was sent to Washington as a representative of her people and had a personal interview with President Coolidge. She was also sent as a representative of the American Indians to the World's Student Christian Federation when it met in Peking, China.

[1] Adapted by permission of the Women's Department of the Board of Missions, M. E. Church, South.

4. Discussion.

What is being done:

(a) By the Government to pay our debt to the Indians for the land we occupy today.[1]

(b) By the denomination to which the group belongs.

The leader should put on the board the names and locations of the institutions fostered by their denomination as a member of the group locates them on the map.

5. Expressional work.

(a) Have on hand outline maps of America. Seat the boys and girls at tables, each with a map and a box of colored crayons. Let them color as accurately as possible those portions of the United States that were settled before the Revolution, each nationality being designated by the color corresponding to the cord used by the leader in developing the lesson.

(b) Give a simple dramatization, the class taking the initiative, of the Puritans' reception by the Indians or of William Penn's treaty with the Indians.

(c) Distribute material showing what your denomination is doing for Indians and have groups of the boys and girls work at different posters, one representing educational work, another evangelistic work, and so forth.

6. Note-books.

(a) The class may write in their note-books the names and nationalities of those who, as brothers, helped each other to found America. Do not omit the Indians, who gave the first Europeans a kindly welcome, and the Negroes, who helped plant and harvest the crops.

(b) The class may note the reference *Genesis* 12: 1-4, with these suggestive questions, answers to which they are to write in their note-books at home:

[1] Send to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Washington, for the Government Bulletins.

1. Why did Abraham go to Canaan?
2. If Abraham were living today and we were writing about his going to Canaan, would we call him an immigrant? Why?
3. Do you suppose the people who lived in the land to which Abraham came wanted him?
4. Do you think the Pilgrim Fathers and the Quakers were immigrants? Why?
5. Does God love immigrants? Explain your answer.

7. Service activity.

(a) Plan to give a pageant or exhibition at the close of the course that will interest others in the work the church is doing among the different races and nationalities. This will also bring in a small fund which may be directed as the group shall choose for any particular work of the church, after consultation with their denominational headquarters.

(b) Let the class authorize their secretary to write to their denominational headquarters regarding specific objects or ways in which they may help. Of course, if there is a definite local work the interests of the class should be largely centered in their own community work of this type.

8. Devotional period.

(a) Scripture Reading.

Arrange for one boy or girl to read the Twenty-third Psalm, and another to read the following Indian version of this Psalm.[1]

American Indian Version of the Shepherd Psalm

The Great Father above, a Shepherd Chief is, the same as I am his, and with him I want not.

He throws out to me a rope, and the name of the rope is Love, and he draws me to where the grass is green and the water not dangerous, and I eat and lie down satisfied.

[1] This Indian version, by Isabel Crawford, is published by the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Sometimes my heart is very weak and falls down, but he lifts it up again and draws me into a good road.

His name is Wonderful.

Sometime, it may be very soon, it may be longer, it may be a long, long time, he will draw me into a place between mountains. It is dark there, but I'll draw back not. I'll be afraid not, for it is in there between those mountains that the Shepherd Chief will meet me, and the hunger I have felt in my heart all through this life will be satisfied.

Sometimes he makes the love rope into a whip, but afterwards he gives me a staff to lean on.

He spreads a table before me with all kinds of food. He puts his hands upon my head, and all the "tired" is gone.

My cup he fills till it runs over.

What I tell you is true; I lie not. These roads that are "away ahead" will stay with me through this life, and afterward I will go to live in the "Big Tepee" and sit down with the Shepherd Chief forever.

(b) Prayer.

Let the boys and girls suggest subjects for thanksgiving and petition, the leader including these in the prayer.

SECOND SESSION

BROTHERS TOGETHER BUILDING THE NATION

AIM: *To lead the boys and girls to understand the relation between the earlier and later immigrants; that the early immigrants were the founders of our nation, while the later immigrants have contributed a large part toward the building of our nation. They have helped in settling our land, in providing food, coal, means of transportation, and the necessities of our modern life.*

1. **Song:** "America the Beautiful." (O beautiful for spacious skies.)

2. **Approach to the lesson.**

The boys and girls may read from their note-books the names of the groups and individuals who helped in the founding of the nation. Each child who wishes may tell what he has found out at home, since the last lesson, about where his people came from to this country. As he talks, let him go to the maps of Europe and of America and trace the journey his ancestors made. In this way the class will have vividly in mind that Americans are the composite of many nationalities.

3. **Development of the lesson.**

In what part of America did the people live before we separated from the mother country and became a free nation?

At this point place on the wall the best of the maps made by the children at the preceding lesson.

Why did they begin after the Revolution to cross the mountains and go toward the west? Was it to hunt? to farm? the impulse to see what was beyond? to be free from the laws and customs that had grown up "back east" that they did not like?

How would these early pioneers travel? What routes would be their line of least resistance? What difficulties would they encounter? What type of men would they have to be in order to withstand these dangers?

Bring out here how the pioneers, pushing past the mountains, made paths through the forest, established trading posts, small settlements, schools, and churches. Show how necessarily the settlements were scattered, large tracts of land undeveloped, vast spaces unsettled. Let some child tell a pioneer story he has heard in school—of Daniel Boone or some other early hero.

"The westward movement has been continuous in America from the beginning. Bad roads, dense forests, and Indian obstructors have never succeeded in stifling the call of the West. A steady procession of pioneers has marched up the slopes of the Appalachians across the trails of the summits and down the various approaches to the Mississippi." [1]

The leader may then read, or tell in her own words, or have one of the group read the story of Anna Howard's journey to her new home. Dr. Anna Howard S. Shaw was born in England, and when she was yet a baby, her parents brought her to America. Her parents, therefore, were immigrants. In a story of her early life Dr. Shaw tells of a journey to the Michigan woods near Grand Rapids, taken in 1859.

[1] Quoted from *The Last American Frontier*. Paxon. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Anna Howard's Journey

At that time the railroad terminated at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and we covered the remaining distance—about one hundred miles—by wagon, riding through a dense and often trackless forest. Every available inch of space in the wagon was filled with bedding and provisions. As yet we had no furniture; that we were to make for ourselves when we reached our cabin; and there was so little room for us to ride that we children walked by turns, while James from the beginning of the journey to its end seven days later led our weary horses. . . .

The expedition took on the character of a high adventure, in which we sometimes had shelter and sometimes failed to find it, sometimes were fed, but often went hungry. We forded innumerable streams, the wheels of the heavy wagon sinking so deeply into the stream-beds that we often had to empty our load before we could get them out again. Fallen trees lay across our paths, rivers caused long detours, while again and again we lost our way or were turned aside by impenetrable forest tangles.

Our first day's journey covered less than eight miles, and that night we stopped at a farm house which was the last bit of civilization we saw. Early the next morning we were off again, making the slow progress due to rough roads and our heavy load. At night we stopped at a place called Thomas' Inn, only to be told by the woman who kept it that there was nothing in the house to eat. Her husband, she said, had gone "outside" (to Grand Rapids) to get some flour, and had not returned—but she added that we could spend the night, if we chose, and enjoy shelter, if not food. We had provisions in our wagon, so we wearily entered after my brother had got out some pork and opened a barrel of flour. With this help the woman made some biscuits, which were so green that my poor mother could not eat them. She had admitted to us that the one thing she had in the house was saleratus, and she had used this ingredient with an unsparing hand. When the meal was eaten, she broke the news that there were no beds.

"The old woman can sleep with me," she suggested, "and the girls can sleep on the floor. The boys will have to go to the barn." . . .

She and her bed were not especially attractive, and Mother decided to lie on the floor with us. We had taken our bedding from the wagon and we slept very well.

At dawn the next morning we resumed our journey, and every day after that we were able to cover the distance demanded by the schedule arranged before we started. This meant that some sort of shelter usually awaited us at night. But one day we knew that there would be no houses between the place we left in the morning and that where we were to sleep. The distance was about twenty miles and when twilight fell we had not made it. In the back of the wagon my mother had a box of little pigs and during the afternoon these had broken loose and escaped into the woods. We had lost much time in finding them, and we were so exhausted that when we came to a hut made of twigs and boughs we decided to camp in it for the night, though we knew nothing about it. My brother had unharnessed the horses, and my mother and sister were cooking dough-god—a mixture of flour, water, and soda, fried in a pan—when two men rode up on horseback and called my brother to one side. Immediately after the talk which followed, James harnessed his horses again and forced us to go on, though by that time the darkness had fallen. He told Mother, but did not tell us children until long afterwards, that a man had been murdered in the hut only the night before. The murderer was still at large in the woods, and the newcomers were members of a posse who were searching for him. My brother needed no urging to put as many miles as possible between us and the sinister spot.

In that fashion we made our way to our new home. The last day, like the first, we traveled only eight miles, but we spent the night in a house I shall never forget. It was beautifully clean, and for our evening meal its mistress brought out loaves of bread which were the largest we had ever seen. She cut great slices of this bread for us and spread maple sugar on them, and it seemed to us that never before had anything tasted so good.

The next morning we made the last stage of our journey, our hearts filled with the joy of nearing our new home. We all had an idea that we were going to a farm, and we expected some resemblance at least to the prosperous farms we had seen in New

England. My mother's mental picture was, naturally, an English farm. Possibly she had visions of red barns and deep meadows, and sunny skies and daisies. What we found awaiting us were the four walls and the roof of a good-sized log-house, standing in a small cleared strip of the wilderness, its doors and windows represented by square holes, its floor also a thing of the future, its whole effect achingly forlorn and desolate. It was late in the afternoon when we drove up to the opening that was its front entrance, and I shall never forget the look my mother turned upon the place. Without a word she crossed its threshold and, standing very still, looked slowly around her. Then something within her seemed to give way, and she sank upon the ground. She could not realize even then, I think, that this was really the place Father had prepared for us, that here he expected us to live. When she finally took it in, she buried her face in her hands, and in that way she sat for hours without moving or speaking. For the first time in her life she had forgotten us; and we, for our part, dared not speak to her. We stood around her in a frightened group, talking to one another in whispers. Our little world had crumbled under our feet. Never before had we seen our mother give way to despair.

Night began to fall. The woods became alive with night creatures, and the most harmless made the most noise. The owls began to hoot, and soon we heard the wildcat, whose cry—a screech like that of a lost and panic-stricken child—is one of the most appalling sounds of the forest. Later the wolves added their howls to the uproar, but though darkness came and we children whimpered around her, our mother still sat in her strange lethargy.

At last my brother led the horses close to the cabin and built fires to protect them and us. He was only twenty, but he showed himself a man during those early pioneer days. While he was picketing the horses and building protecting fires, my mother came to herself, but her face when she raised it was worse than her silence had been. . . .

That night we slept on boughs spread on the earth inside the cabin walls, and we put blankets before the holes which represented our doors and windows, and kept our watch fires burning.

Soon the other children fell asleep, but there was no sleep for me. I was only twelve years old, but my mind was full of fancies. Behind our blankets swaying in the night wind, I thought I saw the heads and pushing shoulders of animals and heard their padded footsteps.

—From *The Story of a Pioneer.*[1]

4. Discussion.

What facts in the story show the hardships of the journey? the scarcity of settlements? the dangers? the courage of the pioneers?

But there were forces at work which would mean the rapid settlement and development of the country. Only a few years before the happenings of this story someone who had made his way to California had found gold. As a result, there was a rush to see who could get there first. What effect would this have on the settlement of the country?

At this time things were happening, too, in Europe. The people of Ireland were very unhappy. The Catholics in that little country felt that England was harsh in her laws regarding the people of their Church. Another ground of complaint was very much like that the colonists had when they went to war with England. She would not let the Irish ship their foodstuffs either to America or to her own shores and get other things in return. So business interests suffered in Ireland. But worst of all, perhaps, upon the immediate life of the people was the failure of the potato crop. Thousands of people depended on the potato almost entirely for food. Sometimes generations of the poorer classes had grown to be men and women and had died without ever having tasted meat. So when the potato crop failed, thousands and thousands suffered, and many died of hunger. Of course America

[1] Quoted by permission. Copyright, 1915, by Harper and Brothers. *See* Reading List.

sent shiploads of food. And the ships that took the food brought back crowds of immigrants. There were many Irish already in this country, but now they came in streams —sometimes as many as forty and fifty thousand a year. Many, however, died in passage, so weak were they from hunger, and sickened, too, by the conditions of the passage over. America was not sorry to have these immigrants come. There were vast stretches of land out in the West that needed to be worked; there were canals to be dug, railroads to be built, roads to be leveled, and houses to be put up in the rapidly growing cities. So these new Irish "Pilgrims" found their way westward with contractor's gangs.

Use cords as in preceding lesson to show the coming of these immigrants from Europe.

There were other "Pilgrims" of this day besides the Irish, for in Germany there was trouble, too. Before this time many Germans had come over,—in fact, before the Revolution,—and had struggled in the common cause to set the new country free from English control. But now, about 1845 and 1846, conditions of living in Germany became so very bad that many of the best people in the country were forced to leave their homes because they had dared to try to bring more freedom and liberty into their land. Where should they go but to America, the "land of the free"? Many who were not forced to leave made up their minds to go, too. Sometimes whole villages sold out; and, just as the Plymouth Pilgrims had done two centuries before, these later "pilgrims" from Germany, led by their pastor or their physician, took ship for America. All classes came, from the nobility to artisans and peasants. Arrived in America, these land-loving people pushed westward and began to look for

homes. They cut down the forest so as to get good soil, and soon their flourishing crops were dotting the Middle West. They brought with them song and music and mirth, and settling in and around the growing towns made their genial, happy, thrifty contribution to the life of their adopted country.

Another great wave of immigration brought large numbers of Scandinavians. Look on the map and let us see what we mean by the "Scandinavians." We know them better, perhaps, by other names—Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes. There are now over two million of these strong, fair, hardy people of the North in America. They love the land, and today it is said, "one can travel three hundred miles at a stretch across the prairies of the Dakotas or the fields of Minnesota without leaving land that is owned by the Scandinavians." They work, too, in capacities other than farming, giving their fine brawn and muscle to the keeping up of our industries. They are to be found in the copper and iron mines of upper Michigan, the coal mines of Iowa, and in northern lumber camps; as carpenters, on railroads, in flour mills and in furniture factories.

So from nearly all the countries of Europe people have come seeking something—religious freedom, political freedom, better homes, happier surroundings than they had in the old countries.

5. Application.

The boys and girls may read what they have written in their note-books regarding the "immigrant" Abraham.

Do you suppose some of our immigrants felt as did Abraham, that God was leading them? Name some who you think may have felt that way? Why do you think so?

6. Note-books.

The class may write in their note-books the names of the groups that have been discussed in the lesson today. Under each group they may write the contribution that it has made and also some individual expression as to the value of that gift to the group's American brothers.

7. Expressional work.

Let the boys and girls suggest what this lesson may be made to contribute toward the exhibition at the end of the course.

8. Notes on the neighborhood.

(a) Ask the boys and girls to make friends, if possible, with some new American in their midst; find out from him what brought him or his parents to this country; learn what he is doing for a living; be ready to tell the class at the next session what they think is the value of his gift or service to his adopted land.

(b) Are there any large groups of immigrants in your town? What is being done to help them to be better Americans?

(c) In what further ways than those mentioned in our lesson have the Irish, German, and Scandinavian immigrants made contributions to American life?

Be ready to give suggestions regarding posters that will illustrate the work of your church among certain groups of immigrants.

Look up the story of Anna Howard Shaw's great work.

9. Devotional period.

RITUAL OF THANKSGIVING: Present to the class the ritual on page 5, giving them the general idea of how it may be used by them in their devotional period. Allow them to decide what should be included as a result of the lesson they are just completing. Use the ritual thus composed as the concluding prayer of the session.

THIRD SESSION

BROTHERS TOGETHER BUILDING THE NATION

Continued from last session

NOTE: This lesson deals with several nationalities. It is neither intended nor expected that the leader will take them all up for study. The type of the community in which the class lives, with its predominating race or nationality problem, will determine the direction of the emphasis. For example, on the Pacific Coast care should be taken to stress the part the Japanese and Chinese have played in the development of the country (see page 39); in the Southwest the emphasis in most instances will be placed on the Mexican; while in industrial centers one or more of the European nationalities will be the center of interest; in other communities, the Negro.

AIM: [*Same as that of Second Session*].

1. Song: "America."

2. Approach to the lesson.

Lead the class to review the topic of the last session—pioneer days; the establishment of trading posts; the clearing of land; the discovery of mines; the beginnings of small settlements with schools and churches. Let a boy or girl tell the story of Anna Howard Shaw. Recall that she was an "immigrant," born in England, and that she later developed into a great leader in this country. The boys and girls should report at this point on what they have found out about her work.

At our last session, then, we talked about the overland migration in the 1840's. Immediately following this overland migration came organized traffic to supply the needs of the pioneers. Coach and mail service and a great sys-

tem of wagon traffic were installed in the 1850's. These, though crude and uncomfortable in the extreme, yet performed their function of delivering mail, parcels, and passengers at points along the main emigrant trails.

There were several small branch railroads east of the Mississippi, and in the 1860's the Government began to talk of building a railroad from the Missouri to the Pacific Coast.

It was no easy feat, you can imagine, to lay eighteen hundred miles of track across the plains and desert, through hostile Indian country, and over mountains. The western end of the road was started first. "It was hard work building east into the Sierra Nevadas, climbing the gullies, bridging, tunnelling, filling, inch by inch, to keep the grade down and the curvature out. Twenty miles a year only were completed in 1863, 1864, and 1865; thirty in 1866 and forty-six in 1867—one hundred and thirty-three miles during the first five years of work. Nature had done her best to impede the progress of the road by thrusting mountains and valleys across its route. But she had covered the mountains with timber and filled them with stone, so that materials of construction were easily accessible along all of the costliest part of the line. . . . The labor problem vexed the managers of the Central Pacific (the western end starting in California) for California possessed more work than workmen. Free land and fertile soil made it unnecessary for men to work for hire. . . . But by 1865 the employment of Chinese laborers began. Coolies were imported by the thousand and, ably directed, brought a new rapidity." [1]

The eastern end of the road was begun at Council Bluffs, Iowa. This section was known as the Union Pacific. It was to be built westward to join the Central Pacific as it was built eastward. The Union Pacific had

[1] Quoted from *The Last American Frontier.* Paxon.

to run through the plains during that period when they were most disturbed by bands of hostile Indians. The question of labor for this section was solved, as we have already been told, by the transportation of large numbers of Irish immigrants lately arrived on the Atlantic seaboard.

Thus it was that people of both Europe and Asia—Chinese, Irish, and others, though the two named races predominated—made this large contribution to the building of the first great western railroad.

Prior to this time we had had a war with Mexico. At the close of this war, Mexico turned over to us a great deal of land in the southwest from which we have since made several states. The importance to us is this, that we now count among our people a great many who speak Spanish. We call them Spanish Americans. Some are descendants of the Spanish conquerors who came to America in colonial days. Others trace their ancestry back to the great Aztec Montezumas who ruled their native land before the coming of the Spanish. Numbers of them are of the mixed blood of these two races—their pottery, their weaving, their relics of a great but dying civilization adding color and romance to our national life.

In late years many thousands of Mexicans have come across the Rio Grande to escape from the terrible conditions brought on by the many revolutions in their own land. They want work and something to eat and to wear. In America they can find work in abundance. The railroads always have work for them. One railroad alone employs today over fourteen thousand Mexicans, laying tracks, cleaning cars, loading stock, taking care of the machinery.

Thousands of Mexicans are also employed in the beet-raising industry, from which great quantities of our sugar come. They have learned, too, how to raise flowers, and

it is said that as florists they are even superior to the Japanese, who used to be considered the best in the world. The Salt River Valley of Arizona was at one time utter and absolute desert. Today it blossoms with marvelous crops of all kinds due to the skill and industry of the Mexican farmers. Our large Mexican population is to be found in the states of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California.

Besides developing the land and building the railroads, there are other great tasks still before America. Her great cities with all their varied industries have to be built up. Millions of immigrants have come, making their way into these great industries of the nation. Without the immigrant, it is hard to see how they could be carried on.

Ask for a report on the new Americans who have settled in the community. As a result of this inquiry on the part of the children, some conclusions may be arrived at; for example, the nationality or nationalities that predominate in the community; the conditions under which the people live (in general); the contribution they are making to the community. The main topic of this session is hereby defined. It should be very definitely related to the race or races that predominate in the community.

The lines along which this study should be directed are here given with the Italians as the subject. Some information about other races follows, but it should be supplemented by data gained from encyclopedias, geographies, geographical readers, travel books, etc.

The Italians

(a) *The land from which they come.* A member of the class may point out this land on the map. By class discussion, bring out the nature of the country, its sunny skies, its flowers, its beautiful waters, its art treasures. Show pictures illustrating its beauty. Perhaps there are Italians in the group. Lead these to

talk of what their parents have told them of Italy. Perhaps they will volunteer to bring further information.

(b) *Great men of Italy.* Columbus, his relation to America; Galileo, the great scientist—what he thought about the earth, his invention of the telescope; Michael Angelo, Raphael, and other great artists; Marconi, the inventor.

(c) *Reasons for their coming.* For the most part they come for better wages; or because those already here write home of better living conditions in this country.

(d) *Conditions under which some of them live.* Show here pictures of tenement houses in big cities in which many of them live. Of course, if there are children of this nationality in the group, the subject will have to be treated delicately.

(e) *The work they do in this country.* Those who come from the north of Italy are on the whole better educated than those who come from the south. They are bakers, marble cutters, tailors, merchants, artists, and musicians. Those from the south of Italy help with much of the heavy work of this country. They are road makers, and bridge builders. They help to lay the foundations of our skyscrapers and to make our railroads. Some go to the southern part of the United States and are helping to raise sugar-cane, rice, vegetables, strawberries, cotton, and other products for the market.

The Slavs

In the same way the Slavs may be studied. ("Slavs" being the general name for Russians, Poles, Bulgarians, Serbians, Czecho-Slovakians and several other Eastern European groups.) Great numbers of these Slavs work in our meat-packing centers, our foundries, steel mills, sugar refineries, oil refineries, coal mines, carpet mills, clothing trades. Wherever there is hard work to do, requiring big bodies, hard muscles, and courage, you find these people, unskilled, it is true, but doing much of America's hardest work.

Great Slavs: Paderewski, the pianist; Chopin, another great composer; Copernicus, great scientist, who gave us our present theory of the universe; Pulaski and Kosciusko, who helped America to

gain her liberty from England; Madam Curie, the discoverer of radium; Michael Pupin, the inventor and teacher; Dvorák, the composer; Brozik, the artist; Harrison Fisher, the painter of American girls; Comenius, the educational leader.

The Orientals

The following facts gleaned from the *Missionary Voice* will be helpful to the leader in a study of the Orientals.

By the census of 1920, there are in America: Chinese, 61,639; Japanese, 111,010; Koreans, 1,224; Hindus, 2,507. Most of these are in California, though there are 17,000 Japanese in the state of Washington and 3,000 in Utah.

Thousands of Chinese have returned to the homeland. The Chinatown of San Francisco once held 30,000 Chinese, but now not over 7,000 can be found there.

California has about 80,000 Japanese, 52 per cent of whom are at work on the soil. They grow a large part of the vegetables and small fruit, and have contributed much to the wealth of that great state. A large number work in the mines of Utah.

The Orientals have much to contribute to the Occidentals. They have learned under the pressure of overcrowding populations the art of intensive cultivation of the soil. They know also the art of thrift and hard work. They have rare artistic sense. Some think the best art is Oriental. The Chinese have a most remarkable brain power, and the Japanese become powerful through rare ingenuity and enterprise.

The needs of the Orientals among us can be simply stated. They need now and always the best education we can afford and contact with genuine democratic freedom. They need to be taught what America stands for by those who live in the American spirit.

They need a vision of vital Christianity—the kind that can be learned from Christians themselves. There is grave danger that the Oriental may return to his own country feeling that Christianity is a failure because America has so often betrayed the law of love. But America has already sent back to the Orient scores of Christian men and women touched by our home missions, who have become leavening influences in China, Japan, and Korea. The Chinese of California are supporting a mission in Canton.

3. Expressional work.

Posters: The class may make posters, showing the work being done by their church with the different nationalities in this country. One member, or a group, if the class is large enough to divide into groups, may take the Poles, another the Slavs, and so on. It is suggested that these posters be made, as far as possible, by means of pictures. For example, start with a picture of the settlement house; underneath it write "Settlement house in (Name of city). (Number) Slavs (Poles or Italians) come here daily." Pictures of the interior of the club room, reading-room, playhouse, etc., can be used to good advantage. There may also be used pictures of workers in charge, some of the foreign children who benefit by the house, scenes from plays and pageants, and other pictures of human interest connected with the Settlement. These posters may be used to good advantage with the final program given at the end of the course.

4. Notes on the neighborhood.

Encourage the boys and girls to continue making friends with some individual or group of foreigners in the neighborhood. There are Greeks, Italians, Slavs, some group of new Americans, in almost every community. Suggest that the group find out how they came over, where they landed, some of the difficulties they had in getting into the country, difficulties in getting work, etc. If you have at all succeeded in helping the boys and girls to appreciate the new American, they can be quite tactful in finding out many interesting stories.

5. Game.

The following adaptation of an old game may be used here to advantage. Two leaders choose sides. One group comes forward and goes through certain movements, saying, "Brothers, we come to America bringing this." The other side must guess who they are, where they come from, what they are doing. For example, the group may represent Japanese planting and gathering fruit in California, or Italians making statuary.

6. Note-book.

Write in note-books, with spaces between, the names of groups already studied in the course. After discussion, fill in the spaces, giving the outstanding facts about each group. If the class wish, they may illustrate their note-books by means of pictures they find. Remind them that their note-books will be a part of the exhibit at the close of the course.

7. Devotional period.

RITUAL OF THANKSGIVING: Continue as begun in the preceding session. Additions suggested and worked out by the children may be made now.

8. Song: "America the beautiful."

The last stanza only. If desired, the last four lines may be sung softly with bowed heads, as a closing prayer.

FOURTH SESSION

WORKING TOGETHER FOR BETTER HOMES

AIM: *To show some of the handicaps under which foreigners often labor in becoming Americans; the conditions under which they have to live; the way one "immigrant" helped to get better homes for his American brothers.*

1. **Song:** "Where cross the crowded ways of life."

2. **Scripture reading:** *Hebrews* 13:2.

3. **Approach to the lesson.**

What is a stranger? Have you ever been a stranger? How was it you came to feel at home again? Who helped you to feel at home?

From these questions, take up the reports that the boys and girls have to make with reference to new Americans. Why did they come? From what country? Did they have a hard time getting in? Do they still feel like strangers? Why?

4. **Development of the lesson.**

We have learned that people come to this country for various reasons.

Here the boys and girls may recall those reasons that have been discussed in class.

They leave their old homes full of enthusiasm and hope for happier, freer, more comfortable living conditions. But what do they first encounter? Because many of our "immigrants" are quite poor in their own country, they

have to travel in the cheapest possible way. The steamship companies want to make as much money as possible, so they crowd these immigrants together in the steerage, almost like cattle, in very narrow space, where they sleep on bunks—one bed above another. The food is "dished" out to them instead of being served at tables. When the sea is rough, they have to stay below deck, and they get very seasick in the close, bad air they have to breathe.

Added to their physical discomfort is the anxiety lest they be sent back home. Uncle Sam tries to be careful about the children he adopts. They must be strong and well, they must have money to give them at least a start, and they must certainly have good morals. Any one of these conditions may work great hardship on the immigrant.

Consequently, as the big ship slips into New York harbor and the immigrant sees the beautiful Statue of Liberty with her torch held high, his heart is not always joyous. What if he should have to go back! Uncle Sam may shut the gates and say, "I am sorry, but you have a contagious disease." Or it may be, "You have no friends here, and not enough money to take care of you"; or "You will not make a good American. You will have to go back." Many are turned away, the gate shut in their faces.

But suppose the immigrant passes all the doctors and examiners in the great buildings on Ellis Island or on Angel Island, where they are first landed, and is allowed to come in; suppose he "gets through the gate," as we say; even then he may have a hard time. Often work is hard to find. He must live as cheaply as possible, so he takes his family into a tenement house, where numbers of other families live, often eight and ten people in one room. Frequently the rooms are dark, the garbage is allowed to remain uncollected for days, the alleys are poorly lighted. Altogether, the immigrant may be sorry for a time that

he came to America. He may be even less happy than he was in his own country.

Today we are going to have a story about an immigrant boy who helped to get better, happier homes for other immigrants. Jacob Riis was his name.

The Story of Jacob Riis

Jacob Riis was born in the town of Ribe in Denmark. When he first opened his eyes,—it was in May, 1849,—he found two brothers to welcome him. In course of time he helped to welcome and doubtless helped care for eleven more children who came to the family. His father was headmaster of a Latin school and believed thoroughly in education. As soon as Jacob was old enough, much against his will he was dragged by the housemaid to the door of the schoolroom. It was not a happy place for a little boy. The teacher was unkind and made days in school very unpleasant. There were good times at home, however, to which he could look forward, and there were holidays, especially Christmas, when they sang about the baby Jesus, and had gifts and fine frolics.

When Jacob was still a little fellow, it troubled him to know that others were poor and needy and that children no bigger than he had to live in dirty and untidy places. There was a tenement house on the outskirts of the town which the boys called Rag Hall. The people who lived there were poor and shiftless. When Christmas came and Jacob was given a silver coin worth about twenty-five cents in our money,—which to him seemed a very great deal,—he decided at once what to do with it. Making his way to Rag Hall, he gave it to the father of the poorest family. "But this is on condition that you clean up and tidy up the children," he said. Mrs. Riis, hearing the story from the man, who came to ask if it was right for him to keep the money, began to take an interest in the family, and through her the tenement was put in order and the children were made cleaner.

When Jacob was fifteen, he begged to be allowed to stop school and become a carpenter. His father did not like this, for he would much rather his son become a Latin teacher like

himself. The boy insisted, however, so his father made a bargain with a carpenter to teach him the trade. His father, having begun Jacob's training as a carpenter, meant to give him the best instruction, so in a few months he sent him to Copenhagen to learn more of the trade under a great builder in that city. Here Jacob spent four years. Long years they seemed to him, for a girl by the name of Elizabeth, a beautiful girl with blue eyes and golden curls, had won his heart and he wished to finish learning his trade and go home and ask her to be his wife. The four years came to an end, however, and with a gold medal he had won and a certificate, saying he was now a member of the carpenter's guild in Copenhagen, he hurried home, determined to ask Elizabeth to marry him. Elizabeth was sorry for Jacob, she said, but she could not marry him. Disappointed, but more determined than ever, Jacob decided to go to America, make a name for himself, and come back and marry Elizabeth.

But America was not the country Jacob had pictured to himself. He imagined that when he stepped off the ship he should have Indians to fight and buffaloes to hunt; but instead of Indians and buffaloes, he found a big, crowded city, everybody bent on his own business, and few stopping to say a cheery word to a lonely young man from a far-away country. He tried to get a job, but over and over again he was given the same answer, "We have no use for you."

At length he got a job building huts for miners in a little Pennsylvania town. During the day he was too busy to be homesick, but when night came and he went to the ugly boarding house, pictures came to his mind of the cheerful, cozy home he had left and of his mother bustling about to get supper, and his heart ached with loneliness. About this time he heard that France was going to war with Prussia. He hastened to New York to enlist on the side of France, but found that no volunteer troops were being sent to France. Jacob's funds were now getting lower and lower; sometimes he even went hungry. Day after day he walked the streets looking for something to do. At night he slept in empty ash bins or in some deep doorway. One night he became so desperate that he made his way down to the river, thinking to throw himself in, when a little dog that had

been following him, rubbed up against him. He, too, was cold and wet and hungry. Jacob took the poor little cur in his arms and went back to the streets and to the crowds. Then, in desperation, he did what he had been too proud to do before, he went to distant relatives who lived in Philadelphia and told them his story. They were good and kind and as soon as the young fellow's poor, tired body had had a chance to rest, they got him a job that kept him well and happy all winter.

Jacob had been thinking very strongly about what he ought to do in life. He found that he was not happy in the work of a carpenter. "I will be a reporter," he said. "No one can do so much for so many people as a writer for the newspapers. He has a chance to tell thousands of people about the wrong things that are taking place. Not only this, he can wake up his readers to the need of doing away with those wrongs." And so it came about that, through the help of the principal of the night school he attended, Jacob became a reporter. He was very happy! And he was grateful to God for his love and care and asked that he might be strong in the work which he longed to do and which he believed was now ahead of him. And then what do you think he did? He sat down and wrote a letter to the blue-eyed girl he still loved in the old town back home, again asking her to marry him. You can imagine how he looked eagerly and anxiously for the answer! At length it came. If Jacob would come for her, she would return with him to America.

When Jacob Riis landed in America the second time, it was with quite different ideas from that first day when he looked eagerly about for the buffaloes and the Indians. It was easy to work now that Elizabeth was back in the little home to cheer him. Before long his salary was raised, and he got an appointment as a reporter at police headquarters, a very responsible and dangerous piece of work, the hardest place on the newspaper. His work lay largely among the lowest people in the city, but there were the greatest possible opportunities to do good.

Near police headquarters there was a network of crooked, dirty streets filled with tenement houses in which a million

people were packed together, ten, twenty, and even more sometimes, sleeping together in a single room. Little children, thousands of them, grew up in those dark, filthy homes. Sometimes he would find a mother caring for her little ones in a room high up in some tumble-down tenement where the sunlight never came to cheer them and where she could not work fast enough to keep hunger away.

Among people such as these, as well as among the drunken and the wicked, Mr. Riis found his work. "The tenements must be made better," he said. "Everyone has a right to sunlight and fresh air, and children should have playgrounds. If people have a chance to live differently, they will be not only stronger, but better. . . . They will not even try to improve," he thought, "until the places where they live are made clean, and the sunlight and fresh air can enter freely. Many tenements should be torn down; others should be improved; fewer people should be allowed to live in one tenement. The children, moreover, should have playgrounds and schools."

This kind-hearted man wrote articles for the newspaper in which he told of the bad conditions he had discovered. He tried to put his own heartache for the people of the slums into these articles so that his readers might understand and be roused to make reforms. One story after another he wrote, and yet no one lifted a hand to help. But one morning, Mr. Riis read in the newspaper that some one in Germany had discovered a way to make pictures in the dark—we call it a flashlight. This made him very happy, because he saw a way to make people see what he had seen, and he believed that if good people in power understood how the poor of New York were suffering, they would do something about it.

He soon began to work on his new plans, taking with him a member of the Health Department, two photographers, and a policeman. Pictures were taken of small, unaired rooms where lodgers lay packed close together on the floor like layers of figs, having paid five cents for the spot on which to lie. Far worse things even than this his flashlight told the people about.

And Mr. Riis was not disappointed. When men and women saw for themselves how the children of the slums were growing

up, when they saw the dark, filthy cellars in which they were herded, young and old, like so many cattle, people said, "This shall not be."

In addition to his newspaper work, Mr. Riis wrote a book, *How the Other Half Lives,* that caused great excitement. "Can it be," people said, "that there is so much misery in New York City!" Theodore Roosevelt, who was then Civil Service Commissioner came to help him. Other men and women of wealth and influence were touched, and then wonderful things began to happen. The worst old tenements were torn down and in their places playgrounds sprang up. Landlords were made to treat their tenants properly; schools were built, and parks with trees and grass and shady walks took the places of back alleys and filthy houses.

Other cities sent for Mr. Riis to come and tell them about what had been done in New York City. This he gladly did. The good was spread through the country, and the kind worker's heart was glad. For many years he worked, giving his time and strength to helping people who needed him, and New York, indeed, all America, loves today the memory of this good and useful citizen, this "immigrant" from Denmark, who worked so long and faithfully for the poor and unfortunate, and who succeeded in bringing about many wonderful reforms.

—Adapted from *Pilgrims of Today.*[1]

5. Discussion.

Are there any ugly, poorly lighted streets in our town? Who live on them?

Have these people as much right to pretty streets, lights, and playgrounds as we have? Why?

Can we do anything to make our community prettier and happier? What? How?

What is our church doing to help people to better homes? Is it the business of the church? How can we help our church in this?

[1] By permission of Little, Brown and Co. *See* Reading List.

Before this session the leader should order literature from her Church headquarters and know what the Church is doing in a general way as well as in her immediate community.

6. Expressional work.

(a) Learn the words of the hymn sung at the beginning of this session.

(b) Make a poster representing poor homes and rich homes.

7. Service activity.

(a) If this lesson falls in the spring of the year, it will be well to make plans with the class to help in a clean-up campaign that will reach the homes of all elements in the community life. Lead the boys and girls to feel always that they are working *with* people in their communities, not *for* them. Avoid the pharisaic attitude.

(b) Take the class down "across the tracks"; or into the factory end of town. Let them make notes of bad conditions the city might remedy. If they have kodaks, they may take pictures, using them to make posters of what is and what ought to be.

8. Note-books.

Under the heading, "What constitutes a home?" ask the group to write everything they can think of that helps to make a home.

9. Prayer.

Lead the boys and girls to suggest items for thanksgiving and for petition. These items may be added to or may preface this prayer:

Our Father, we thank Thee for our homes. Help us that we may do our part in making them beautiful. May we be always thoughtful of strangers away from home. *Amen.*

The gift of Jacob Riis may be added to the ritual of thanksgiving.

FIFTH SESSION

WORKING TOGETHER FOR BETTER HOMES

Continued from last session

NOTE: The leader should have on hand for this session pictures of (1) good houses and bad houses; (2) neglected communities and communities made clean and beautiful; (3) illustrations of changes wrought by church agencies.

AIM: *To show how a little Dutch boy grew into a useful American citizen and helped to make more beautiful homes for all America.*

1. **Song:** "America the Beautiful." (O beautiful for spacious skies)

2. **Service activity.**

Reports from the clean-up campaign, or further plans to make it effective. Discussion regarding the housing conditions seen in the poorly kept districts and suggestions as to what the group can do to improve them.

3. **Approach to the lesson.**

The group may read from their note-books what it takes to make a home. Place emphasis on the spirit of the home; how the spirit of the home is affected by the physical conditions.

Can one have a real home when so many have to live in one room? When the rooms are dark and ugly and dirty?

How did Jacob Riis help people to have real homes? How did his work as a writer or reporter help in the campaign to do away with tenements?

4. Development of the lesson.

Our lesson today is about a boy from Holland, Edward Bok, who worked with his brother Americans to make beautiful homes as well as clean homes. Years before he was born, Edward's grandmother had said to his father, who was then a little boy, "My son, make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have lived in it." This message of his grandmother's was given Edward when he was a little boy, and he never forgot it. And through the use of his pen, he helped to make better homes for all Americans. We are going to hear now the story of this Dutch boy who tried to make the world more beautiful because he had been in it.

The Story of Edward Bok

When the big ship *Queen* pulled into New York harbor, September 20, 1870, she had, among other passengers, a Dutch family of four—father, mother, and two sons. The father had been a man of wealth and position in his native Netherlands, but an unwise investment had swept away his fortune, and he had come to America to get a new start. William, the elder of the two sons, was eight and a half years old, and Edward became seven nineteen days after he arrived at his new home in Brooklyn.

The father and mother could speak and understand the language of the New World, but the two boys knew not a word of English. The father thought that the best way for them to learn it was to place them at once among children who spoke only English. So it was with consternation that a few weeks later the two boys found themselves in a school where they could neither make their wishes known nor understand what was said to them. Harder still, they were put in different grades, where they did not have even the comfort of each other's presence. Their schoolmates did not make it any easier for them either, for from the very first recess they began to torment the little strangers. Edward stood the hectoring for a few

days, until he thought things had gone far enough. Then, picking out the boy who seemed to be the leader, he proceeded to give him a good thrashing, and for a little chap only seven, he had good muscle. After a few demonstrations of this kind, the American boys decided it was best to call a halt and make friends with the little foreigners.

It did not take the boys long to learn the language, and they made their grades steadily in school. But things did not go so well at home. The mother was not used to hard work, and the boys noticed that her strength was giving way. They decided to relieve her of some of the housework. Rising early in the morning, they built the fire, prepared breakfast, and washed the dishes before going to school. After school they gave up their play hours and swept and scrubbed and helped prepare the evening meal.

Nor was their father succeeding as well in business as he had expected. The boys soon felt they must do something to help. But what?

One afternoon Edward stood looking wistfully into a baker's shop-window. The buns, tarts, and pies were very tempting to a hungry boy. The baker saw him there.

"Look pretty good, don't they?" he said.

"They would," replied Edward, "if your window were clean."

"That's so, too," mused the baker. "Perhaps you'll clean it." It was in this way that Edward got his first job. Fifty cents a week was his pay, which soon rose, with the addition of other duties, to $1.50 a week plus left-over cookies and goodies to take home to his mother each afternoon.

This was not all that Edward did, however. By delivering papers each Saturday morning, he increased his earning capacity to $2.50 a week.

As the years passed by, money matters did not improve very much in the Bok home. When Edward was twelve years old, he asked his father to allow him to work as office boy in the Western Union Telegraph Company. His father held a position as translator with this company, and finally gave his consent. So Edward left school and became office boy in the electrical department of the company, at $6.25 a week.

His school days ended, the question of self-education became an absorbing topic with the boy. He decided to get Appleton's Encyclopedia in order to find out how successful men had climbed to the top without an education from the school-room. This was a big undertaking, for the set of books was expensive; but by saving his luncheon money and walking, instead of riding, the five miles to his Brooklyn home, he finally managed to purchase from his own earnings a set of the Encyclopedia.

He had made a collection of postage stamps and now his study of the Encyclopedia gave him a bright idea. Why not make a collection of autographic letters of famous men, actual letters which might tell him something useful? With Edward, to get an idea was usually to act on it, and this scheme was fruitful of interesting results. A letter from General Grant brought an improvised map indicating the exact spot where General Lee surrendered to him. Longfellow told him how he came to write "Excelsior." These letters brought to Edward many delightful associations with great men and, in some instances, life-long friendships.

By the time Edward was nineteen years old, his father had died, and now he left the employ of the Western Union for a position more in keeping with the literary taste he had begun to develop. He undertook work with one of the great publishing companies, and this brought him into contact with some of the great writers of the day; for example, Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and others.

All this experience was but a preparation for the great work Bok was to do. For several years Mrs. Curtis of Philadelphia had been editing a paper for women which she called the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Her husband, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, was the owner and publisher. Mrs. Curtis was beginning to feel that she must give up her work, and her husband began to look around for a new editor. He came to New York and offered the position to Bok.

Edward Bok to be the editor of a woman's magazine! How his friends laughed! Why, he didn't know anything about women and what women liked. His mother was the only woman he knew. That was all right, reasoned Bok, he could

employ women to do the writing. He knew he could make a success of the magazine, and he went to Philadelphia to become the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

It is hard to put any value on the good that Edward Bok did through his *Ladies' Home Journal.* He sent over a thousand girls and boys to college by offering scholarships to those who would secure a certain number of subscriptions. As a result, many singers and pianists, violinists, instructors in colleges, scores of teachers, business men, and men in professions owe their opportunity for an education to this man who had to stop school on account of poverty when only twelve years old.

Above everything else, Mr. Bok was interested in making better homes, especially for the poorer classes of the people in the United States. In his travels through the country he noticed the ugly little houses, horrid colors, little ornaments here and there that were useless and added nothing to the general appearance. His quick mind worked out a scheme. He employed several good architects to draw up simple plans for neat, artistic homes. He then began to publish in his magazine a series of pictures of these houses which could be built for between fifteen hundred and five thousand dollars, offering to send his readers the plans for four or five dollars a set. The plans, so complete in detail that any builder could put up the house, sold by the thousands. Theodore Roosevelt said of this work: "Bok is the only man I ever heard of who changed for the better the architecture of an entire nation. . . . This is a mighty big job for one American man to have done."

Mr. Bok then decided to help make more beautiful the inside of the homes. Many people were buying ugly furniture because they did not know the good from the bad. Bok, therefore, employed men to take pictures of many of the most carefully furnished homes in America. These photographs he published in his magazine. The "Inside of One Hundred Homes," he called the series of pictures. He followed this up by a series of all-picture pages which he called "Good Taste and Bad Taste." He would show a picture, for example, of a chair designed on bad lines, and next to it one on good lines, and explain where and why it was good.

Next he employed artists to help him improve the pictures on the walls of the homes. They would paint pictures, he would have them reproduced, and sell them to his subscribers for ten cents a piece. But he did not stop here. He asked the owners of great art galleries to help him by letting him get reproductions of the best pictures from their galleries, the best pictures of all the world of all time. These he published in beautiful colors in his magazine, four at a time.

So this enthusiastic young man worked. He brought the love of flowers into the hearts of thousands by showing through his magazine how each home might possess a beautiful garden. He employed musicians to teach the people through his paper to love the best music.

Through his paper Mr. Bok discouraged patent medicines, the wearing of aigrettes, the use of public drinking cups, the disfiguring of American scenery with glaring signs and bill-posting, the use of fire-works on the fourth of July, and many similar matters that were not to our credit or advantage. He printed convincing photographs taken in various "dirty cities" that tolerated refuse and other evidences of untidiness on their streets, and literally shamed those communities into cleaning up their plague spots.

Edward Bok had come to America, a little boy of seven, bringing with him that with which his own land of Holland had blessed him—a disposition to save, to make the best of everything; capacity for hard, painstaking, accurate work; a wholesome respect for law; and a love of the beautiful. He took what America had to give him—a beautiful idealism, an opportunity to make the most of his own powers. And he gave her in return the best he had of service for other Americans. He kept in his heart always the words of his old grandmother to his father years before he himself was born, "Make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have lived in it."

—Adapted from *The Americanization of Edward Bok* [1]

[1] By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons. *See* Reading List.

5. Discussion.

The class may suggest things they can do to make their homes more beautiful; their communities; their church. Discuss the possibilities for a city-beautiful campaign. How can our church teach beauty? How is it teaching it? Do most foreigners love the beautiful? How do you know? What is our church doing to help bring to their lives more beauty? Show what changes for the better the church is helping to bring into immigrant communities.

6. Note-books.

(a) Ask the class to write the questions discussed, and report next time as to what they have done by way of carrying out their own suggestions.

(b) If there are pictures on the wall, ask the class to write the reasons why they think they are or are not pretty. Show them pictures of houses. Let them write their opinion of them.

(c) Ask the class to copy these words:

> Love thyself last;
> Look near, behold thy duty
> To those who walk beside thee down life's road,
> Make glad their days by little acts of beauty,
> And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

7. Devotional period.

(a) SCRIPTURE READING: A boy or girl may read Philippians 4:8. Ask how many of these suggestions of Paul the group think Mr. Bok carried out?

(b) PRAYER: Lead the class to suggest beautiful things about them for which to thank God; to commit themselves, in short sentence prayers, to service to others in making life about them cleaner and more beautiful.

SIXTH SESSION

GIFTS OF USEFUL INVENTIONS

AIM: *To lead the boys and girls to see that many of our most useful inventions are the gifts of people of other lands.*

1. **Song:** "Forward through the ages."

2. **Approach to the lesson.**

Write on the board the words, "Brothers serving each other through useful inventions."

Suggest that a boy or girl write on the board a list of those inventions which the group thinks are the most eventful and most useful, in the order of their importance. A lively discussion as to order will follow. Beside each invention may be written the name and nationality of the inventor. For example:

Steam locomotive	George Stephenson	English
Telephone	Alexander Bell	Scotch
Alternate current motor	Nicola Tesla	Austro-Hungarian
Screw propeller	John Ericsson	Swedish
Electric steel	Heroult	French

The printing press came to England from Germany and thence to us. A most valuable last for making shoes, one which enables America to hold the distinction of being the best-shod nation in the world, was invented by John Matzeliger, a Negro. Nearly every member of the group will be interested in "wireless," and it will doubtless be the first invention mentioned. Many of the boys will know a good deal about its mechanism; they will wish to discuss it. Growing out of the discussion may very easily come the following story.

3. Development of the lesson.

Guglielmo Marconi

In the spring of 1912, the large and beautiful steamship, *Titanic*, was making its way with great speed toward this country, carrying hundreds of gay and happy people. No one dreamed of disaster; no one so much as glanced at the lifeboats lying along the sides of the enormous vessel. Then, in the darkness of the night, there came a crash, a terrific grating, engines were reversed, and one of the greatest shipwrecks was taking place. The steamer had run into an iceberg. There were the life-boats, to be sure, but far too few for such a large number of passengers. The ship began to settle and then to sink.

But in a little room a young man was working desperately, working as one can only when saving life. Hundreds of lives were in his hands—if he could only make his instruments work. There they were, tiny wires and keys. Far away was another ship. Suddenly it began to get signals of distress. Instantly an order was given. Under full steam it put out to give help and arrived in time to save about seven hundred men and women on board the fast sinking *Titanic*.

All over the world people then began to realize the value of the great work done by Guglielmo Marconi. It was because of his discoveries and inventions that it had been possible to send wireless telegrams over great distances.

Marconi was born at Bologna, in the sunny land of Italy on April 25, 1874. His mother was an Irish-born lady of a distinguished family, his father a wealthy landowner. The boy had every comfort. Sometimes children of well-to-do parents grow up with little love for work, but Guglielmo Marconi was blessed with an eager mind. He was a quiet boy with little fondness for merry play like other children, but one thing above all others interested him—electricity. He was never so happy as when making experiments. His parents, seeing that his experiments were really valuable, spared no money to get him everything he needed for them. He did not go to school, as most boys do, but was taught by tutors at home. Later he went

to college and then to a university, where he studied electricity under a very wonderful teacher, Professor Righi.

The young man soon began to believe that it was possible to send telegrams without the use of wires. He had learned what another man had already discovered: that waves of electricity move through ether just as waves of water pass along the ocean. Marconi probably said something like this to himself: "As twigs are carried by the waves over the surface of the water, and as my voice travels from my mouth through the air, so waves of electricity sent out by these new instruments travel through the ether. Why may not these waves be used in telegraphy? If they are made intense enough, they will have the power to travel long distances. As to signaling, that can be done by using waves of different lengths, some short and some long." Of course, he saw there must be two instruments: one corresponding to the mouth, to send the messages; the other, like the ear, to catch the sound.

Marconi's father allowed him to set up telegraph stations where he pleased over his great estate. At first he could send telegrams only a few yards, but after five years he succeeded in sending a message two miles! This was something no other man in the world had done. At this time Marconi was scarcely twenty-two years old. After this first success he kept working quietly away until one day the world was astonished to hear that a wireless message had been sent from the Isle of Wight in the English Channel and received on the mainland, thirty-one miles away. The tireless young inventor worked on until he succeeded in sending another message a distance of more than 180 miles.

The possibility of wireless telegraphy was now thoroughly established, and Marconi planned to send a message across the Atlantic Ocean. When all was ready for the experiment, he left an assistant in Cornwall to set up the "sending" instrument and he, with two other assistants, set sail for America. They carried with them the delicate "receiver" on which Mr. Marconi had been working for years to make it as perfect as possible. At St. Johns in Newfoundland, he set up his instrument in some old barracks on Signal Hill.

While Marconi was making ready to receive the message in Newfoundland, the operator left in Cornwall was preparing to send it. Then the day came when everything was in readiness. Marconi climbed to the top of Signal Hill. With the assistance of his men, he sent a kite up four hundred feet into the air. The wind was high, but the men managed to hold the kite in place. A cable was sent to the operator in Cornwall telling him to begin signaling. Quietly and calmly Mr. Marconi went into the station, sat down at the table, held the receiver to his ear, and listened. For thirty minutes he listened. There was not a sound within or without. Then, just at noon, on the twelfth day of December, 1901, to the inventor's ears there came a "Click! Click! Click!" It was the instrument, marking the three dots used in telegraphy which stand for the letter "S." This was the signal Marconi had arranged for. It had traveled two thousand miles. From distant England it had come, and had been received in Newfoundland. Not once, but many times, the message was repeated. There was no mistake. It came by the kite wire outside the station. The work of seven long years was rewarded. The greatest wonder of the age had been accomplished. And he who had made it possible was only twenty-seven years old!

Since that day when the first wireless message was sent, Marconi has made many new inventions, perfecting his instrument. Today we speak of sending a "wireless" from one continent to another as naturally as sitting down to dinner. The inventor himself believes that the time will come when telegraph poles will be entirely done away with, and wireless telegrams will be sent for less than the ordinary telegram costs today.

Italy and other countries have conferred many honors upon this great inventor. In 1903 when he visited Rome, the leading officers of the city were at the railroad station to greet him. A carriage was waiting. The young inventor arrived. Suddenly a great shout went up. His warm-hearted countrymen could contain their joy and enthusiasm no longer. Another moment and the horses were unharnessed, and the men themselves were in place to draw his carriage. They even fought with one another for the honor of conducting him to his hotel. They could not do

enough to show how greatly they admired and honored him. It was a march of triumph such as falls only to kings and conquerors. Later the hero was carried to the great hall of Campidoglio, reserved for kings and people of greatest dignity. Here, before the King and Queen of Italy and leading men of science, Marconi read a paper he had written on wireless telegraphy. Then followed banquet after banquet at which he was the guest of honor.

Was the young man's head turned by so much praise? Not in the least. He went away the same calm, quiet, modest man he had been and still is today. Freedom to work and make new discoveries—it is this which gives him greater joy than anything else in the world.

—Adapted from *The Light Bringers.*[1]

This story of Marconi may be followed, if there is time, by the story of another inventor, Michael Pupin.

Michael Pupin

There landed at Castle Garden in 1875 a young immigrant boy from Serbia. Five cents was the sum total of wealth he carried in his pockets. This he immediately spent for a prune pie which, to his chagrin, turned out to be a bogus prune pie, for it contained nothing but pits for prunes. Notwithstanding his failure in his first American investment, however, he did make good as this story goes to prove.

Michael Pupin,[2] for that was the boy's name, was born in Idvor, an obscure little village off the highway in a province then belonging to Austria-Hungary. His people were peasants of Serbian blood. His father and mother could neither read nor write, but they were possessed of rare insight and intelligence, and were steeped in the fine and honorable traditions of their Serbian ancestors. "My boy," his mother said to him, "if you wish to go out into the world about which you have heard so much . . . you must provide yourself with another

[1] By permission of Little, Brown and Co. *See* Reading List.
[2] Pronounced Pu-peen'.

pair of eyes, the eyes of reading and writing. There is so much wonderful knowledge that you cannot get unless you can read and write. Knowledge is the golden ladder by which we climb to heaven. Knowledge is the light which illuminates our path through this life and leads to a future life of everlasting glory." And so Michael, well grounded in the rudiments of an education, had come to America at the age of seventeen, the love of learning burning in his heart. He had sold everything of value,—his sheep-skin coat and hat, his watch, his books,—everything but the clothes on his back, a few changes of linen, and a red Turkish fez,—which no one would buy,—that he might secure the necessary passage money. Even then he had not enough to purchase the blanket and mattress for his bunk in the steerage.

You can imagine that the journey across was uncomfortable in the extreme. Many a night he spent "on the deck of the immigrant ship hugging the warm smokestack and adjusting his position so as to avoid the force of the gale and the sharpness of its icy chilliness." His spirits were high enough in the day time, but when night came and the winds and waves howled about the ship as he stood, a slim boyish figure, close up against the smoke-stack for warmth, it was only his implicit trust in the God his mother had taught him to love and worship that enabled him to overcome his fears and face bravely the horrors of loneliness and the cruel dangers of the sea.

At length, the ship came into New York Harbor, a little tug towing it in to Castle Garden. The people from the ship were all carefully examined, one by one. When it came Michael's turn, the examining officials shook their heads. He had to confess that he had only five cents and no friends or relatives; that, indeed, "he knew of nobody in this country except Franklin, Lincoln, and Harriet Beecher Stowe" whose *Uncle Tom's Cabin* he had read. One of the officials, with a kindly twinkle in his eye, said in German, "You showed good taste when you picked your American acquaintances." Although he had neither friend nor money, his straightforward, honest, eager answers to the questions asked won the hearts of the officials, and he was passed through the gate into America. He set out immediately to find

a job. A New Jersey farmer decided he would make a good mule driver and together they boarded the ferry across the Hudson to the Jersey shore.

The New Jersey family were very good to him. The young daughter in the family took great pains to teach him simple English. From her he got his first knowledge of American history.

Eager to learn more of America, he made his way back to New York. Here he tried many things,—sign painting, shoveling coal,—anything that came to hand. At length he got a position in a cracker factory where he made many friends who gave him a helping hand. Jim, the engineer, with his quaint home-made philosophy, taught him practical physics. This he supplemented on the theoretical side by listening to lectures of famous scientists at Cooper Institute in the evening. Bilharz, a queer German scholar, an academic misfit, eking out his living in the cracker factory, drew forth treasures of Greek and Latin for the further education of his young Serbian roommate, thereby contributing much to his preparation for Columbia College.

Then the day came when, having saved $311, Michael was able to enter college. Thanks to the good training of his factory friend, Bilharz, he not only passed his entrance examinations, but did so with such credit as to obtain free tuition. Honors followed in quick succession. In his freshman year he won two scholarships of a hundred dollars each, and in his junior year he was elected president of his class.

By coaching backward students, both through the year and through the summer, he was able to make his way through college, graduating with distinction the day after he had taken out his naturalization papers which made him an American citizen. All this he had accomplished in nine years.

And now Pupin boarded a ship for Europe to redeem the promise he had made to his mother when, as a little immigrant boy, he had set out for the land of achievement—that he would come back a scholar, a man of attainment. After a visit to his beautiful, saintly old mother,—the inspiration really of all he had accomplished,—he entered upon a course of studies in England and Germany.

His second entrance into America was quite a contrast to the first, for now he came a cultured, scholarly, learned professor, instructor in mathematical physics in his Alma Mater.

He gradually rose in his profession and made many practical contributions to science, until today, Professor Pupin is known the world over, wherever electrical problems are being solved. He is a scientist who delights to unravel complex problems. He makes investigation simply to know things, not because with the knowledge gained he will have a commercial advantage. However, he claims "there is no worth-while purely scientific problem, the correct solution of which will not some day be of practical value." His discoveries in pure physics have often been the foundation upon which others have built. For example, his theory of selective tuning for separation of mixed electrical operations was completed two years before Marconi announced his wireless, and it was used by Marconi and Company as a basis for selective tuning by which the messages of different wave lengths can be received.

In the beginning of long distance telephoning there was great trouble with interference by unaccountable noises, such as buzzing, singing, clicking sounds. A discovery of Pupin's helped to remedy this and the patents were acquired by the Bell Telephone Company and the German Telephone Company.

After Roentgen's discovery, the first X-Ray for surgical work was made by Professor Pupin. In 1917, he presented to the United States Government the use of his invention for eliminating static interference with wireless transmission.

Pupin's work with his class of students has been of immense value to the world, for he has inspired them to do good and valuable work. He is a strong teacher, who has not only intellectual power of unusually high degree, but also an attractive personality. He also has a fine sense of humor and is a great athlete as well as a scientist. He feels honored in being an American citizen, but he has by no means forgotten his native land and has been active in the interest of Serbia. At the outbreak of the Balkan War in 1912, he was appointed by the Serbian government honorary consul general at New York. In

1915 he organized among Columbia students relief workers for Serbia.

Honors have come to him, not a few. He was given the degree of Ph.D. by Berlin, an honorary degree from Johns Hopkins, the Elliot Cresson medal for distinction in Physics, the Herbert prize of the French Academy in physics, and the gold medal of the National Institute of Science. Thus has a Serbian boy made good in his adopted country.

—Adapted from *From Immigrant to Inventor*.[1]

4. Note-books.

Lead the boys and girls to discuss and then write down in their note-books the stories of Marconi and Pupin, their estimate of the contribution of each.

5. Expressional work.

(a) If your church has work among the Slavs, ask a boy or girl to write on the board the places where this work is done, and show pictures of groups of Slavic children. If there are Slavic children in the community or in the group, invite them to sing some of their Slavic songs or give some of their folk-games or dances. (Italians may be substituted if Slavs were studied in Session Three.)

(b) The group may give a radio program, based on the following suggestions. Perhaps your church has sent books, toys, clothing, or other things to a settlement house or Indian mission. Use for an "amplifier" a large pasteboard megaphone in imitation; conceal the speakers and let them talk as though they were representatives of the immigrants or Indians, Mexicans or Negroes to whom the supplies were sent, telling how they were received, and any other item of interest.

6. Devotional period.

Add Marconi's and Pupin's gift of scientific invention to the ritual of thanksgiving.

[1] By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons. *See* Reading List.

SEVENTH SESSION

GIFTS OF LITERATURE AND ART

AIM: *To show how new Americans have expressed the beautiful by means of literature and sculpture.*

1. Song: "America."

2. Approach to the lesson.

Write on the board, "Gifts of Literature."

Lead the group to talk of the books they like best that they have read at school. In this connection Longfellow will probably be mentioned. What do they like best that he has written? Someone will mention "Hiawatha." Why do they like this poem? What does Longfellow make us like in Hiawatha? Help the boys and girls to see how he has shown us the beautiful in Indian life—the color, the love story, Hiawatha's love for his people, etc.

3. Development of the lesson.

We are going to learn now about a Russian Jewess who wrote so truthfully, expressing her thoughts so clearly and beautifully about her own life as a little immigrant, that we are able better to understand and appreciate all new Americans who come to us. This true story one may read in the book she wrote, called *The Promised Land*. Let me tell you about her.

It will be well for the leader to have one of Mary Antin's books at hand and read to the children selections in the author's own words.

Mary Antin

This is the story of a little Jewish girl who was born across the sea. She had soft dark hair and eyes that shone like the stars. Her parents, who spoke the Yiddish tongue of their people, gave her the name of Maryashe. The baby's home was in the "Pale of the Settlement" in the heart of the great Russian Empire, a district completely shut off by itself through the command of the Russian Government. It was a place where Jews were allowed to live and to carry on business. But they had to pay special taxes, and they were deprived of many rights that were granted to the other people of the country.

But of this, the baby, Mashke,[1] as she was generally called, knew nothing. She was cuddled in her mother's arms and soothed to sleep by songs about Rebekah and Leah and Rachel, the beautiful women of Old Hebrew history. As she grew older, her parents told her stories of the days when the Hebrews were a great people. The dream of old times became more interesting to her than any fairy tales. "They are real," thought the little girl. "Yes, much more real than this town of Polotzk where I live."

Every Friday afternoon Mashke's parents got ready for the Sabbath. Every-day clothes were laid aside, and each one in the household put on his best garments. The keys of the store and the money-bags were put out of sight, the oven was sealed, and special food was laid out for the Sabbath.

When all had been made ready, Mashke's father and brother went to the service at the synagogue, as a Jewish church is called. While they were away, the mother and her maids and little daughters gathered about a big table in the living-room for the "candle prayer." The table had already been set with special food and dishes, the linen was fresh from the laundry, the silver shone, and many candles shed a soft light over all. When the prayer was over, the women read sacred books, while the children amused themselves quietly till their father's return. Then "Good Sabbath!" "Good Sabbath!" were the greetings to each other, and the family took their places about the table.

[1] Mash-ke.

Not a word must be said while the father blessed the wine and cut the Sabbath loaf. After each one had received his slice, however, the children were allowed to talk as at other meals.

The next morning the whole family went to church in the synagogue. Then came a delightful dinner, with pleasant talk and the singing of favorite songs between courses. The day ended with walks in the country, visits to other Jewish homes, or talks with friends and relatives who "dropped in" for a little chat and a cup of tea.

This happy home where Mashke could dream dreams and live over again the grand old days of Moses and Solomon, was the first of her two worlds. The other was very different. It lay out of doors, where the child was likely to meet scornful words or even blows and be told that she belonged to a hated people. When a policeman passed along on the sidewalk, she would run into some dark corner and hide until he had passed by, for fear lest he, being a Gentile, might treat her roughly.

But despite this, Mashke was usually happy and contented. There were four children in the family. First came Fetchke, healthy and loving and ever ready to help; next came Mashke, the thoughtful and delicate; the third was a boy, Joseph; the youngest of all was the baby, Deborah.

The Jews did not believe that it was worth while for girls to learn much from books. They must be taught sewing and cooking, all those things, in fact, that make a good housewife. Learning was for the boys who would grow up to be the heads of families. And best of all for them was the learning to be obtained from the sacred books of the Hebrews. Accordingly, when Joseph was only five years old, he was sent to school to learn Hebrew, the language of the sacred books.

Mashke's father was sometimes allowed to travel outside the "Pale," and he had learned many things in the visits he made away from Polotzk. In the large cities he discovered that not only Christians, but Jews believed in having their daughters go to school. This seemed very sensible to the good father. At length he decided to send Fetchke and Mashke to a rabbi to learn Hebrew. The little girls' happiness did not last long, however. The father became ill, and all that could be spared from

the living expenses was paid to the physician to make him well. Before very long, the mother fell ill, also, and one by one the servants had to be sent away. The lovely silver candlesticks and the mother's rich garments were sold that bills might be paid.

By and by Mashke's mother became better, and her father, though worn by his long spell of illness, made up his mind to go to America in the hope of making his family again comfortable. By this time the life of the little family was very hard, and after the father went away it became even worse. One poor room was now the home of all, and it was hard work for the half-sick mother to pay the rent of even that. All day long she went through the streets of the city peddling groceries. Fetchke, who was only twelve, was the housekeeper, attending to the cooking, washing, and ironing.

The months dragged along until they were almost in despair. Then something really happened. A letter came from the father saying that he had found a way to send for his family, and it enclosed third-class passage for them all on a steamer bound for America.

There were many exciting adventures as well as uncomfortable experiences before Mashke found herself in the land of her dreams, but at length the ship reached Boston, bringing them all safely to the father who was waiting eagerly for the dear ones from whom he had been so long separated.

During those first years in America, Mary Antin, as she was now called, behaved like a child let loose in a garden to play and dig and chase butterflies. There were times, of course, of family trouble, when there was not enough money or when there was sickness, but always the little girl had faith in America.

She started to school in the first grade when she was twelve years old. By the middle of the next year she was in the sixth grade. How she loved the English language! Over and over she repeated the words to herself, with shining eyes, as a miser counts his gold.

Some of her happiest hours outside the schoolroom were spent in reading Longfellow, Whittier, and Tennyson. While Dover Street was where she slept and ate, she inhabited the

whole city of Boston. She loved to go to the State House, with its noble gilded dome; it belonged to her as an American citizen. Hours were spent in the Public Library. She never failed each time to read again the inscription on the outside of the building: "Public Library. Built by the People. Free to All." Even though she did not help build it, hers it was; even though she lived on Dover Street, it belonged to her.

One day in school the children were singing "America." They came to the line, "Land where my fathers died." Mary Antin's lips quivered, and a sob checked the words. The teacher saw and understood. When the other children had gone, she put her arm around the little girl and drew her to her, asking the reason for her tears.

"Oh, teacher," she gulped, "our country's song can't mean me; my fathers didn't die here."

"Mary Antin," said the friendly teacher, "you have as much right to those words as I or anybody else in America. The Pilgrim Fathers didn't all come over in the *Mayflower*. Didn't your own father come to America looking for freedom for himself and his family, a place where his children could be educated? Why, it's the same old story, over and over. Every ship that brings people from Russia and other countries where they are ill-treated is a *Mayflower*."

Those words of cheer became a part of Mary Antin's very being. She never forgot them.

But greatly as she loved and admired this land of freedom, she felt that it was not perfect, and that the hearts of the people should be filled with the spirit of brotherhood towards all men, whether rich or poor, wise or ignorant. Before long, she began to write with the hope of making others feel as she did. Her first book, *The Promised Land,* is the vividly written story of her young life, first as the oppressed child of far-away Russia, then of the girlhood in America that could be glorious even though spent in poverty, because of the gifts bestowed on her by the United States.

No American can read this book without a deeper love for his country and a stronger wish to serve it. Mary Antin, as she is now known all over America, has also written other books,

with the hope of making her countrymen better understand the need of the immigrants who come here. But this is not all her work. From time to time she leaves her charming home to speak to the people of America. She has always the same message: "Be true to the example of our forefathers. Keep this country the land of the free and the home of the brave. Remember the words of our Declaration of Independence, 'All men are created equal.'"

A few years ago she crossed the ocean to visit the old friends and relatives she had left behind her in Polotzk and to tell them of the riches that America, the free and beautiful land, had bestowed on her. We cannot measure the greatness of this new American's work, nor may we guess what she may yet accomplish for the adopted country which she loves as life itself.

—Adapted from *Pilgrims of Today*.[1]

What words of the Declaration of Independence does Mary Antin ask people to remember? Why do you think she feels it necessary to do this? Do you know whether any people in your school or in your community are shut out from things because they happen to belong to another race? Do you think Jesus would shut anybody out from the good things of life? To what people that we know today is he most akin? If Jesus should be born again among the Jews, what are the probabilities, do you think, that we might fail to know and love him?

Now write on the board: "Gifts of Art."

It will be well for the leader to have on hand pictures of St. Gaudens' work, especially the statue of Lincoln.

Did you ever look up at the sky and, seeing how beautiful it was, wish you could draw it or paint it because you knew you could never tell in words how very beautiful God had made his world? Some people have been able to paint the things they saw. There are others who

[1] By permission of Little, Brown and Co. *See* Reading List.

like better to make stone and bronze talk for them and they have made wonderful statues. We call these people sculptors. Do you know the names of some of the great sculptors of the world? Where did they live? In the Old World. I want to tell you about a great sculptor who came with his gift from the Old World to the New.

Augustus St. Gaudens

Augustus St. Gaudens was only a few months old when his French father and Irish mother brought him from the old home in Ireland to this land of America. They found a home in a crowded street in New York City, and while the father plied his trade of shoemaking, the baby grew into boyhood. The most vivid memories of these early days for the little boy were the delightful odors that came from the freshly baked cake at the corner bakery and from the stewed peaches of the German family who lived in the same house.

Augustus grew up a normal boy—street fights, school days, excursions into the country, exciting story books contributing their part of pleasure, excitement, and fun.

But because of the small income from the little shoe shop, school days came to an end rather early. Augustus must help earn his living. "What shall it be?" asked his father. "Oh, anything, just so it is something that will help me to be an artist one day," said the boy with a rather wistful look. So his father, always eager to do his best for the lad, apprenticed him to a cameo cutter. A cameo, you know, is a figure, a human head, or an animal, cut in shell or stone, and worn in a ring or pin. The cutting of cameos is very delicate work and requires skill and patience.

But Augustus was not content just to cut cameos, attractive though the work might be. He went to night school at Cooper Institute, where, in the free classes, he studied drawing. Every night at six he left his work, ate a hurried supper, and hastened to the class-room. "I became a terrific worker," he says, "toiling every night until eleven after the class was over. In-

deed, I became so exhausted with the confining work of cameo-cutting by day and drawing by night that in the morning Mother literally dragged me out of bed, pushed me over to the wash-stand, where I gave myself a cat's lick somehow or other, drove me to the seat at the table, administered my breakfast, and tumbled me downstairs into the street where I awoke."

He studied and worked in this way for some time. His father, seeing his earnestness and ability, resolved that he should have a real chance to become an artist if he wanted it, and engaged passage for his son in the steerage of a vessel going to Europe. He bought the ticket with his own money and then turned over to Augustus one hundred dollars, the boy's own earnings, which he had been saving for him.

In Paris Augustus worked again as a cameo cutter, for the one hundred dollars did not go far in a big foreign city, and he must earn his living expenses while he studied.

He worked and studied hard and at length came back home to America, a full-fledged sculptor. The statue of Abraham Lincoln in Lincoln Park, Chicago, is considered perhaps his finest work. Standing before a massive chair from which he seems to have just risen, the tall, gaunt, ungainly figure embodies in its attitude and in every hanging fold of the unfitted garments the spirit of infinite tenderness, melancholy, and strength that characterized the great President.

Among the many statues St. Gaudens has given America is that of Admiral Farragut, which stands in the heart of New York City. It carries daily to the thousands who pass an unconscious inspiration.

It took long hard work and much sacrifice on the parts of the father and mother as well as the son for him to realize this ambition to become the great artist that he was. He once said, "People think a sculptor has an easy life in a studio. It's hard labor in a factory. . . . You can do anything you please; it's the way it's done that makes the difference."

A friend said of him: "What struck me in watching St. Gaudens was his absolute indifference to what a statue would cost him in pains or in time, or to what it would bring him in money, and his complete absorption in making it as nearly per-

fect as he could. . . . He would work for hours on the modeling of an inch of surface."

—Adapted from *Americans by Adoption.*[1]

To what race did Mary Antin belong? What were the nationalities of St. Gaudens' father and mother? What does America owe to him? What was the secret of his success as a sculptor?

4. Note-books.

Show the pictures of St. Gaudens' work and draw out from the class their appreciation of the statues. Ask them to write in their note-books descriptions of these statues. Suggest that they bring to the next session pictures of St. Gaudens' work which they may paste in their note-books.

5. Expressional work.

(a) Ask the boys and girls to find out something more about each of the characters studied in this session and be able to tell it at the next lesson.

(b) What Negro elevator boy wrote beautiful poetry, helping us to know and love better his people?

(c) What other writer besides Jacob Riis and Mary Antin has helped us to know the immigrant better? Ask your teacher or librarian for the book *On the Trail of the Immigrant* and report on it at next session.

6. Devotional period.

(a) SCRIPTURE READING: Ask a boy or girl to read *Ruth* I: 16-17. Ask another child to tell in outline the story of Ruth. Ask if the group can find in this story anything resembling the spirit of Mary Antin.

(b) PRAYER. Our Father, help us to see the beautiful in Thy world and in all Thy children. May we, too, learn to express the beautiful in our lives. *Amen.*

[1] By permission Atlantic Monthly Press. *See* Reading List.

EIGHTH SESSION

GIFTS OF MUSIC AND SONG

AIM: *To lead the boys and girls to appreciate the contribution that other races and nations have made to America's musical life.*

1. Songs.

Allow the boys and girls to choose two or three songs, of each of which they will sing one or two stanzas.

2. Approach to the lesson.

Ask why they chose those songs. Have the pianist play something bright, then something sad. Try to get the group to express how music affects them or expresses for them what they themselves feel.

Why did Mary Antin cry when she tried to sing America? Do you think her teacher was correct in saying she had a right to sing it? Why? Why do we sing America and the Star Spangled Banner when we have great community gatherings? Do these make us love America better? Do they make us love each other better?

3. Development of the lesson.

I am going to tell you about an immigrant who gave a great gift of music to America.

The Story of Theodore Thomas

In the town of Esens, in Germany, there was born one day in 1831, a boy to whom his parents gave the name of Theodore. This little town, like many others in Europe, was composed of very music-loving people. Music formed a large part of their

life. Theodore's father was the town musician, and the boy soon learned that the sounds he loved came from curious-looking instruments. He was not more than two years old when he begged his father for a violin. By the time he was seven, he could play any composition he saw. Indeed, he loved his music so well that all he cared to do was to play. There was nothing in ordinary lessons to interest him half so much, and he ran away from them whenever he dared.

There came a day, when Theodore Thomas was about ten years old, that his father, with all his family, started for America. When they arrived here, Theodore took all manner of ways both to earn money and to educate himself musically. He played for dancing parties; he was a member of a small orchestra; and for a year he played the horn in a marine band on board ship.

A few years later the boy started on an amusing journey. Beside his violin, he took with him some tickets, some posters, a horse, and a big pistol. He rather hoped he might have use for the pistol, for what journey would be complete to a young boy without at least anticipation of robbers! With this luggage Theodore started on his first "southern trip." His plan was to stay in a city or town as long as he found it interesting or as long as his money held out. Then he would give a concert, and move on.

In spite of the unusual way it was done, Theodore really gave himself a splendid musical education. He was full of fun and pranks, and yet he kept in mind his first aim—to be a great musician. "Even when he played for dancing, he used to imagine that he was practising, and he played every note as carefully as if he were performing before the most critical audience. He kept his thoughts clean and spotless. 'I avoid vulgar talk and the reading of trashy books,' he once said. 'Otherwise, when I come before the public and interpret masterworks and my soul should be inspired with noble and impressive emotions, these evil thoughts run around in my head like squirrels and spoil it all. A musician must keep his heart pure and his mind clean.'"

Young Thomas was very successful. By the time he was

twenty-four, he was said to be "America's most accomplished violinist."

Every thinking boy or girl knows that to be prepared for an opportunity is to have that opportunity come sooner or later. One evening when Theodore Thomas was sitting at home comfortably resting, his door-bell rang—his opportunity had arrived. A messenger from a near-by opera house exclaimed breathlessly: "The conductor of our orchestra is ill, and the audience is waiting. Will you come and conduct the opera?" Thomas had never conducted an opera, and he did not even know the score of the one to be sung that night, but without a moment's hesitation he replied, "I will."

It was not many minutes later that, having hurried into his dress clothes, he arrived at the opera house, where he conducted with such skill and intelligence that his future was assured.

The great aim he now developed was to interest the American people in really good music. To this he devoted the remainder of his life. Americans had been so busy building their new nation with its cities and railroads that there had been little time given to cultivating an appreciation of good music.

Thomas's first task was to teach the people of New York this true enjoyment. As a first step toward educating the people, he began giving "Summer Night Concerts" in a cool, airy hall, where plants, and flowers, and foliage, with perhaps a fountain, made a garden setting.

The programs were planned as carefully as the garden was decorated. Light numbers were given at first, so that the people who came in late would not annoy real music lovers, who had come for the serious numbers. After an intermission, the second part was given. This was always classical in character, but never heavy. Then came a second intermission, followed by "marches, waltzes, and a richly colored overture that would charm the audience and send it away with strains of melody haunting the memory."

It must have been very gratifying to Theodore Thomas to watch his audience grow in musical appreciation. But while they were profiting in enjoyment, life was hard and wearing to the conductor. He was responsible for the salaries of all the

men in his orchestra. If concerts failed to pay, his men suffered as well as he. At length he made up his mind that the men would receive a better return for their work if they went on tour; so once a year they made a long journey, giving concerts in many of the leading cities of the United States.

Sometimes curious accidents befell the orchestra, but Thomas's way of meeting them endeared him to his men. One day in the autumn of 1871, Thomas and his orchestra were on their way to Chicago when they heard that the city was on fire and the opera house was already burned. The musicians had not even a place to spend the night. According to the contract, Thomas was not obliged to pay his men in case of accident, like fire or flood, that prevented their giving concerts. Instead of taking advantage of this, as he could in all honor have done, for he certainly was not to blame, he assumed the debt of the men's salaries and expenses.

To be a great conductor, one must on occasion be very resourceful. Such an occasion arose on the eve of a presidential election. Thomas was asked to close a concert with the "Star Spangled Banner." His program as planned ended with gentle, quiet music; how could he keep the people in their seats and make a transition to a patriotic song? His wife tells how he did it. As the last strains of the closing number of the program were still vibrating on the strings, the drums began a double roll so softly that it was barely audible. Louder, louder, and still louder it rose, till every heart beat, wildly wondering what was coming next. At last, the moment of climax was reached and then Thomas turned towards his audience, motioned them to rise and, with the full power of the orchestra, the great organ, the chorus of five thousand people of the audience, all joining together in one stupendous maelstrom of sound, the "Star Spangled Banner" was given such a performance as has seldom been heard. Many people were in tears before it was over, and when Thomas held aloft both hands to sustain through the full measure the final glorious chord, the singing was merged into a shout, cheer on cheer echoing through the hall.

And so it was that the little "immigrant" musician from Ger-

many taught many thousands of Americans to know and love the best music. So well had the people of Chicago learned the lesson that they felt they must have a beautiful building, suitable for the producing of beautiful music. Everybody, it seemed, wanted to help. The subscription list bore the names of millionaires, clerks, scrub women, the educated and the uneducated. The hall was built, following just as nearly as possible the ideas of the director, and it was as nearly perfect a music hall as it could be. There was a superb opening concert, ending with Handel's glorious "Hallelujah Chorus," and after this, there was a happy meeting of old friends at the Thomas home, come to congratulate the Master. And congratulations were due him. When hardly more than a boy, he had chosen a lofty work, that of revealing to hundreds of thousands of busy Americans the pleasure and restfulness and inspiration of music. He had refused to lower his standards. Without thought of himself or his own gain, he had given to the world his noblest and his best.

There is a race of people in our country whose gift of music we have only lately grown to appreciate. I am going to tell you about the Negro's gift.

The Negro's Gift of Music

America has had a wonderful gift in the deep, rich, beautiful voices of her Negro children. In his African home, the Negro worked and prayed and feared. There was always a song on his lips. He sang when he worked, when he fought, when he loved, or when he hated. In his own way he was content, but one day something terrible happened. A strange looking white man captured him. He was bound hand and foot and taken to a boat. After a time he was taken from the boat and put into the dark hold of a slave ship. Then came a voyage, long and dreary. By and by he was landed in a strange country, about which he had never even heard. Then something else new and strange happened. From the slave ship he was led up into the town. He

was placed upon a block and auctioned off. He could not even understand what was said when the highest bidder claimed him and carried him away, he knew not where. Do you think he did not miss the beautiful forests through which he had roamed all his life? Do you think he did not miss his comrades and his children? Most surely he did. Our hearts would have been broken. So most likely was his.

But God was with him. He had been with him even in the darkness of Africa. He had been with him on the long, hard journey. And he did not leave him when he was so lonely in this new and strange land. Of course, this African did not then understand about this new God, but by and by he began to learn the strange language of his new home. Then he learned a new story—the story of Jesus, a more beautiful story than any he had ever heard. It made him repent of his sins. It comforted him. It made a new hope creep into his heart. Then, little by little, the songs that he had sung back in Africa began to change their words. The tunes were much the same, but the words were different.

Many were the songs that grew right out of their hearts. Did I say grew? Yes, for they were not made all at once. One person would make a line and sing it over and over, then by and by another person would add another line, and so they grew. In the days of slavery these songs were preserved only in the memories of the people, for few of the slaves could read. But now they have been gathered and put into a book. There are many beautiful stories telling just how they grew. One of these is about the well-known song, "Steal away to Jesus."

On some of the plantations, the overseers were wicked men. They told the slaves that they must not hold meetings of any kind, not even prayer meetings. So in order to pray together, they often stole away in the dead of the night to some spot in a lonely swamp. These meetings were not announced with the ringing of a bell, but by singing:

"Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away, home, I ain't got long to stay here!"

When the workers in the corn and cotton fields took up the song, they were telling the slaves on the neighboring plantations that a secret prayer meeting would be held that night.

How the song, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," was composed, is another interesting story. Sara Sheppard belonged to a master on a Tennessee plantation. Her husband, the coachman, had bought his own freedom for $1,800. He was saving money to buy his wife and only child. This child was a little girl named Ella. He was so happy with his family until Ella was about three years old. Then there came some very bitter news. The master had bought a new plantation down in Mississippi. He was going to move away and take Ella and her mother with him. The father had saved money enough to buy their freedom, but the mistress refused to give them up. Sara felt that she had rather die than leave her husband; so she decided to drown herself and her baby. She wrapped Ella in an old shawl, hugged her closely to her breast, and started for the Cumberland River. An old mammy, called Aunt Jane, saw her hurrying to the river. She knew the sad story, so she followed her. Laying her hand tenderly on Sara's shoulder, she said: "Don't you do it, honey. Wait 'til the chariot of the Lord swings low. God's got a great work for this baby to do; she's agoing to stand befo' kings and queens. Don't you do it, honey." The mother stopped and listened, then went back home. She told her mistress that she would go with her to Mississippi, but the mistress must let Ella's father buy his little girl and keep her in Tennessee. This was agreed to, and the heartbroken mother was taken away. Sara never forgot the words the old mammy said to her, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." They kept ringing in her heart, until one day she commenced to weave them into a song. This song kept on growing as it passed from one to another. This is the chorus as we know it:

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home."

The baby Ella grew to womanhood, married, and made her home near Fisk University. What do you think she did as soon as she was able? She went down into Mississippi, found her lonely old mother, and brought her home to live with her. Then one day the chariot swung low, and Sara was carried to her heavenly home.

—Adapted from *Handicapped Winners.*

4. Discussion.

Have Negro boys and girls the right, also, to sing "Land where my fathers died?" Why? What have their fathers given to America?

Here bring out that they have worked our fields; done the heavy work of road making, ditch digging, etc., particularly in the South; that Paul Laurence Dunbar has given literature to America even as Mary Antin; that Henry Tanner, a Negro painter from Philadelphia, has been honored by France for his beautiful paintings of Bible characters.[1]

5. Expressional work.

(a) Sing one or two of the Negro "Spirituals." If possible, it would be well to have a group of Negro boys and girls sing their own songs.

(b) Make a poster of what your church is doing for the Negro; of some of the best Negro homes as contrasted with some of the worst.

6. Service activity.

Ask the boys and girls to find out how the streets look in the Negro section of their town. How are they lighted? Visit a Negro church, school, or settlement, if possible.

7. Prayer.

Our Father, we thank Thee that America has so many kinds of children and that they bring to her so many kinds of gifts. May we all live as brothers and sisters in the beautiful land Thou hast given us—each serving all and all serving each. *Amen.*

[1] See *In the Vanguard of a Race.*

NINTH SESSION

WORKING TOGETHER FOR HEALTH

AIM: *To show how other than native-born Americans have helped to solve our health problems and have ministered to the needs of our bodies.*

1. Song: "Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand."

Second and fourth stanzas

For those who weak and broken lie,
In weariness and agony—
Great Healer, to their beds of pain
Come, touch, and make them whole again!
O, hear a people's prayers and bless
Thy servants in their hour of stress!

For those who minister and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal—
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,
And guard them from disease and death.
And in thine own good time, Lord, send
Thy peace on earth till time shall end!

Teach this song, music and words, to the group as an approach to the discussion of the session.

2. Development of the lesson.

Louis Pasteur

It was October in the Jura Mountains. Six little shepherd boys watched the flocks that fed on the juicy mountain grass. Slowly they wandered over the mountain-side, keeping the sheep together. As the day wore on, the warm sunshine and the lazy droning of the bees made them drowsy, and they were glad sometimes to

throw themselves down among the flowers and listen to the bees and the contented bleating of the sheep. They came to the most luscious patch of all. There, stretched on those fragrant beds, the boys stared into the blue above and talked gently to each other, for the voices of the French are ever soft and musical.

Suddenly there was a shriek. The children scrambled to their feet. "Mad dog! Mad dog!" cried one of the boys, and they all turned and ran as fast as they could.

But ground watered by mountain springs is soft, and wooden shoes are clumsy things, and the great hairy, panting creature came tearing furiously on. Closer and closer it drew. The boys could hear its dreadful breath. One of them sobbed.

Jupille looked straight into the glazed eyes of the maddened creature. He watched the shiny, foaming, back-turned lips. Then, suddenly, his left hand was caught between those frothy, poisonous jaws. With a great leap into the air, the dog had bitten deep into the flesh.

Jupille was a child of the mountains. With all the strength of a mountain boy, he wrestled with that furious beast, while the terrified children looked on from a distance.

At length he threw the dog to the ground, knelt on his back, and with his strong right hand forced the jaws apart. Both hands were terribly bitten, of course, but free, he got a grip on the animal's neck.

"Get the whip!" he shouted to his little brother, and the child raced back to where it had fallen during the fight. The whip was a lithe, flexible thing. Working feverishly, Jupille twisted it about the animal's jaws and tied them tight. Hurriedly he took off his wooden sabot and pounded the animal until he was nearly dead. When the heaving had stopped, he dragged the sick dog to the brook and drowned it. The boys were safe!

All but Jupille. Sick and trembling, the little shepherd boys stumbled into the village. Jupille would die of the poison from the dog's mouth—and he would die because he had saved them! White-faced and round-eyed, they told of the disaster.

Word came to the mayor that a shepherd boy had been bitten by a mad dog.

"There is a man in Paris," he said, "who may be able to help him." He took the tired, frightened boy to the city. Only a pin-prick a day for about three weeks and the danger was averted. For the man to whom the mayor had taken the shepherd lad was none other than the great Pasteur, who not only healed Jupille but recommended that he be given a medal for bravery.

It is of the great Pasteur that I am going to tell you now. He was born in the little town of Dole, in France. His father was a tanner, and we can imagine the little Louis nosing around among bits of leather, watching his father put it through the soakings in the big pits, draining it, oiling it, and getting it ready for the shoemaker. Because he saw so many things done, the boy grew up with a real hunger for seeing how things worked, what would happen to things if you did them this way or that way. Of course he was a born scientist.

By the time he had finished school, it was pretty well decided in his own mind that he would give his life to finding out the causes of disease in plants, animals, and people. There was a time when it seemed as though all the silk-worms of France were dying. Those were days of terrible calamity, for a large part of the people of France get their living by raising silk-worms. Pasteur, by his experiments in the laboratory, discovered what the trouble was and saved the silk-worms. At another time the cattle of France were dying, and again he came to his people's help. But even greater service than this was he to render. By experiments he was able to prove that many of the diseases from which we suffer are caused by germs. Other scientists were sure that this was so, but they had not been able to prove it. He found this to be particularly true of the diseases of little babies. Many, many wee babies all over the world died and Pasteur believed it was because there were germs in the milk that gave the babies disease. At length he proved that by heating milk to a certain degree the germs were killed. In this way he helped to save the lives of many babies all over the world.

Another problem he solved was the reason why people died whenever they were bitten by mad animals. By experimenting with rabbits, Pasteur developed a kind of serum which, injected into the person bitten, kept him from going mad and eventually

dying. Thus it was that he was able to save the little Jupille, whom the mayor brought to Paris.

Not only was Pasteur a great scientist, he was a great man. Everybody loved him, and for this reason they were sad to know that he was not strong. When still a comparatively young man, he was stricken with paralysis. Many would have given up, but not Pasteur. There were too many people suffering, and so he worked on.

He was loved by all, rich and poor, old and young, and when his life was over, his country gave him a national funeral—a military band, infantry, marines, cavalry, artillery, and municipal guards, robed judges and members of the University faculty in orange, red and crimson robes were present. It was far more showy than the tanner's son would have asked. His simple gravestone better commemorates his humble start in life and the beautiful simplicity of his soul. All that is written on the slab are the words, *"Ici repose Pasteur,"* "Here rests Pasteur."

—Adapted from *More than Conquerors.*[1]

What has all this to do with helping America, you say. Pasteur was a Frenchman. Yes; but his beautiful contribution was not for his own country alone. America, indeed, all the world, has been helped and little children's lives have been saved because of his wonderful discoveries. But it remained for Nathan Strauss, a native of Bavaria, to make it possible for the wonderful discovery of pasteurized milk to be known and used in America.

Nathan Strauss

A big brother to everybody he could help was this "savior of babies," Nathan Strauss. He was born of Jewish parents in Otterberg, Bavaria, in 1848. The country in which the Bavarians lived was beautiful, but the people were not happy because they had unjust laws, and the oppression of their rulers increased until the inhabitants could not bear it any longer and they rebelled.

[1] By permission of Century Co. *See* Reading List.

At this time Nathan's father decided that he must take his family to America where they could live under happier conditions. They came to the United States when Nathan was six years old and settled at Talbotton, Georgia. Later, the Civil War interfered with the father's business, and he moved his family to New York City where he started a business in pottery and glassware. After going to a business college, Nathan joined his father's firm, which prospered so well that in a few years the debts of the family were all paid, and they were comfortably established.

Nathan married, had a home of his own, and gained wealth rapidly. But he did not become selfish or unmindful of the troubles of others. The children of the slums particularly excited his pity, and he resolved to do what he could to help them. The babies, especially, were ailing and sickly. Mr. Strauss was convinced that the reason why so many of them died—one hundred out of every thousand each year—was that the milk they drank was not good enough for them. He learned that a Frenchman named Pasteur had discovered that by heating milk to a certain degree and keeping it at this point twenty minutes, it could be rendered harmless. So he determined to go to Europe and learn more about it. A congress of men skilled in such things was held at Brussels in Belgium and Mr. Strauss attended it. Although not a scholar along scientific lines himself, he had learned enough to believe in Pasteur's method, and when the opportunity came for him to speak, he made an earnest plea for the sick babies who would be helped by it. His speech was effectual, for his faith was contagious and the vote was favorable to Pasteur's plan. They agreed that milk when so treated was harmless and could not impart disease.

As soon as he returned to New York, Mr. Strauss started to supply pure milk for the babies. He set up depots in the public parks where the mothers could get it for half price. The Health Department also furnished it, and it was supplied the doctors who practised in the wretched districts of the city where the poorest families lived. The effect of his good work was soon noticeable. Babies got strong and well. Mothers were speaking of Nathan Strauss with affection for what he had done, and they

gave him the title of the "savior of babies." After a time the good results were evident in a decreased death-rate.

Chicago, Philadelphia, and other cities began to notice what had been accomplished in New York, and Mr. Strauss was ready to help them too with money and advice. He also endeavored to help the sick and poor babies in Belgium, Germany, and Great Britain, and there too he became known as the "savior of babies."

This big-hearted, brotherly man did not stop with saving the babies. His next brotherly act was the establishing of lodging houses in various places in the city where homeless persons could find shelter in cold weather. He also set up depots for the supply of coal at cost for the poor people.

Mr. Strauss finally decided to spend all his time for the good of others, and he gave up his business. He did not need to earn more money, and, although he had already given away some two million dollars, he decided to help in other ways.

In his adopted country, in addition to the many other good and helpful things he has done, he has established at Farmingdale, New York, a Preventorium for tuberculosis patients and also an institute for the cure of hydrophobia by the Pasteur method. Surely this foreign-born citizen is to be credited with many noble deeds for the benefit of the people of the United States, making them happier and more comfortable, and also saving thousands of lives.

—Adapted from *Our Foreign-born Citizens*.[1]

Another nationality that has made its contribution to world health is the Japanese. For many years now the Japanese have been training in their own country physicians, chemists, scientists of no little reputation who have contributed their bit to the world's betterment. One of these, a brilliant Japanese, was Jokichi Takamine.[2]

[1] By permission of T. Y. Crowell Co. *See* Reading List.
[2] Jo-kee-chee Ta-ka-mee-ne.

Jokichi Takamine

Takamine was of noble birth and consequently received all the educational advantages that his country had to give him, graduating in 1879 in engineering and chemistry at the Engineering College of the Imperial University of Japan at Tokio. His government sent him for three years to the great universities of Scotland. He came to this country in an official capacity, married, and later decided to take up his residence here.

Takamine learned that a great many people have stomach trouble because they are unable to digest the starch in their food, so he set out to find how this trouble could be remedied, and he made a wonderful discovery. He found that by taking a kind of growth like mold that grows on the rice plant and putting this seemingly harmful thing through certain processes in his chemical laboratory, he could make a medicine that would cure indigestion. Chemists and druggists call this remedy "taka-diastase." It is the gift of a Japanese to American people as well as to other people all over the world who suffer with indigestion.

But this is not all that Takamine has done to prevent suffering and to save life. His name is associated with the discovery of a drug known as "adrenalin," a very strong heart stimulant. When people have been poisoned by an overdose of morphine or opium, adrenalin is used to save their lives. It is used also to prevent bleeding in operations, and has given good results in some cases of deafness, hay fever, and many forms of heart disease.

Takamine loved both countries—his own native Japan and America, the land of his adoption—with rare devotion. It was his great desire to cement them together in bonds of friendship, and his rich gifts were shared equally with America and Japan. Many great chemical establishments, both here and in Japan, owe their foundation to this great man.

His beautiful home in New York City was the center of the most gracious hospitality and his children—bright, healthy, and handsome—are typical of children born to American-Japanese families of the better class. His eldest son, a graduate of one of the great American Universities, bids fair to follow in his father's footsteps as a great scientist.

3. Devotional period.

(a) Tell briefly but effectively a story of Jesus healing.

(b) Lead the group to add the gifts of healing to the ritual of thanksgiving.

4. Expressional activity.

(a) Perhaps a boy or girl knows the story of Florence Nightingale, the great English nurse. If so, let it be told.

(b) Be prepared with blank-books and pictures that the group may make scrap-books for the children's hospital or for "shut-ins." Or they may suggest plans for making them during the week, bringing them to class for the next session.

(c) Make plans for visiting the sick in the community the following week, carrying some little token of appreciation and thoughtfulness.

Distribute leaflets, that the group may report at next meeting as to what your church is doing in the way of clinics and hospitals among the different nationalities, Indian and Negro races. Divide the boys and girls into groups, to get together during the week and work out posters, each group choosing the nationality in which it is most interested.

5. Prayer.

Father, we thank Thee for the gifts of these Thy children that we have studied about today. We thank Thee for the doctors and nurses who go about like Jesus healing the sick. We thank Thee for the churches and the missionary societies that build hospitals in these and other lands. We pray for the sick everywhere that they may receive Thy comfort. Especially do we pray for France, Germany, and Japan who have suffered so much through war and through earthquake. Bless these nations that have given us Pasteur and Strauss and Takamine. *Amen.*

TENTH SESSION

GIFTS OF SIGHT TO MIND AND HEART

AIM: *To show how two great European educators helped Americans to know and love God's world.*

1. Song: "This is my Father's world."

This is my Father's world,
And to my listening ear,
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world,
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas—
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world,
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

2. Approach to the lesson.

Draw on the board an eye and an ear. Write in large letters "Seeing" and "Hearing." Let the class then discuss the relative value of sight and hearing. Have them pass by a table on which have been arranged several objects, concealed until now, and, returning to their seats, write in a given period of time what they have seen. From this experience bring out by discussion how often our physical eyes see things to which our minds and hearts are blind. Follow this with the story of Agassiz, the boy who saw with mind and heart.

3. Development of the lesson.

Louis Agassiz

The Boy Who Saw With Mind and Heart

On a day in May, over a hundred years ago, there was born in a low cottage in a little Swiss village, a baby boy who was given the name of Louis Rudolphe Agassiz. He was a lusty, rollicking baby, who knew much better how to coo than how to cry.

Until he was ten years old, Louis had no teachers other than his parents, his own good little brain, and "Mother Nature." He was an out-of-doors boy, having no special love for study; but he loved everything that was alive. He and his younger brother, Auguste, had all kinds of pets—birds, field-mice, hares, rabbits, and guinea-pigs. He described his own room as a "little menagerie." He searched the neighboring woods and meadows for birds, and raised caterpillars and "fresh beautiful butterflies." But his life was not all play for, by watching the cooper who came to make the barrels for the family store of wine, and the shoemaker who once a year came to see that the whole family was properly shod, he learned to do all kinds of things.

He breathed in from his beautiful Swiss mountains a love of freedom and a sense of daring. He did not mind dangers; he did not mind cold. He felt almost as much at home on his skates as in his shoes. One day his mother was terribly frightened because of this daring, fearless nature of her boy. She missed him and, on inquiring from some boys if they had seen Louis and his younger brother, found that they had planned to cross the lake quite near their home, proposing to join their father at the fair and come home with him in the afternoon. Mrs. Agassiz ran upstairs to look out over the lake and this was the picture that greeted her. Lying on his stomach across a wide crack in the shining ice was Louis, making a kind of bridge of his body for his little brother Auguste to crawl safely across. You may believe that the mother lost no time in sending a workman who was a swift skater after the boys.

The time came for Louis to go to school, first in the neighboring town and later farther away from home, to college. During this time his interest had grown in the very things that had attracted him as a boy. He had a passion for the things of the out-of-doors. In his room some forty birds flew about, a pine tree for their only home. Though he studied all his books with considerable faithfulness, he loved only the books on science. In his heart was a kind of hunger to search, to experiment, and to discover, and there was a vague but persistent longing to write. His father did not encourage him in this, however, and more to please his father, perhaps, than himself, Louis set himself to study medicine, with the result that he soon got his degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Heidelberg.

Agassiz was not happy in the thought of the practise of medicine as his life work and soon we find him in Paris resolved to continue his studies in natural history, for he was unable to give up his great life-plan. He made up his mind finally that he would become a teacher of his much loved subject. With this in view, after a period of study in Paris, he returned to his native Switzerland as a teacher of natural history.

From now on his rich life seemed to divide itself naturally into three parts: his life as a traveler and student, his teaching, and the life of his home and friends. It included the wildest wanderings up many dangerous mountains to study glaciers. He was always a boy at heart and nature to him was a great, big, beautiful book which he must read as long as his eyes could see. Of the subjects in this book, he loved best glaciers and fish. To discover how glaciers moved, he and one or two friends once built them a hut on the Aar Glacier in Switzerland. The projecting top and side of a huge boulder made a wall and roof and a large blanket curtained off a sleeping room big enough for six. In September they bored holes in the ice in a straight line from one side of the glacier to the other and planted in these a row of stakes to find out which moved the faster, the sides or the middle of their river of ice. The following July, when they returned to the old station, they found these stakes no longer in a straight line, but almost in the shape of a crescent, proving

for the first time that the glacier moved faster in the middle than on the sides.

Though the world will, perhaps, remember him best as an explorer and a scientist, many of Agassiz' dearest friends will always think of him as a teacher. For twenty-seven years he taught. In the lecture rooms at Harvard University in our country and in the school for girls, where he and his wife taught for a time, his teaching was almost a chalk-talk. His attempts as a child to make small barrels and shoes, and his years of college practise in drawing had fitted him to stand before his classes and with one sweep draw a perfect egg, or, in a few lines, picture a star fish, or the beautiful mystery of resurrection from chrysalis to butterfly. Best of all, Agassiz loved to teach. The things he spoke of never grew old to him, and his lectures had added charm because in his good English there was always a touch of the French that he had spoken in his native Switzerland.

In the laboratory he never gave his pupils help, but forced them to make their own discoveries. After fifteen years of teaching, he said, "My greatest success is that I have educated five observers, that is, people who can really see with their eyes."

Of all Agassiz' dear schools, none was dearer than his out-of-doors school on the island of Penikese in Buzzard's Bay. The lecture room was an old barn near the sea. The wide doors stood "broadly open to the blue sky and the fresh fields; and the swallows which had built in the old rafters flew in and out, making the air glad with wings." Then the great scientist, who had never lost his simple childlike faith, but believed that even by searching men could not alone find out God, asked his pupils to join him in a short, silent prayer for God's companionship; and everyone felt this prayer, though there was no sound on the island but the call of birds and the voice of the lapping sea.

It is impossible to tell how his pupils loved him. He drew them all to him by his warmth, his sympathy, and his hearty love of fun. In fact, everybody seemed to love him. His children will remember him as working in a corner, a pleasant smile on his face, while they entertained guests with music and danc-

ing. His friends will remember him as tall and broad-shouldered, with the "strong step of a mountaineer," a boyish twinkle in his eye, a big contagious laugh, and a general air of joyousness.

Agassiz had a great many friends who loved him dearly, and on his fiftieth birthday, they gave him a dinner. Among the guests were his friends, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Emerson, Sumner, and Longfellow. Indeed, it was Longfellow who presided at the dinner and who read a beautiful poem he had written about the great scientist and in honor of his birthday.

When Agassiz' wonderfully helpful life drew to a close, his friends buried him in beautiful Mount Auburn cemetery where, later, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell were also brought.

Pine trees from his old home surround his grave and a big boulder from the Aar glacier reminds us of the Swiss man who once built, on the mountain of ice and snow, his little hut, tramped sturdily over the snow, and even danced and sang in the free air.

—Adapted from *More than Conquerors.*[1]

Agassiz saw with his eyes and with his heart and helped many American boys and girls to see and hear and love God's beautiful world. But suppose a little boy or girl came into the world deaf and with blinded eyes. What chance would they have to know and love the Father's world?

Perhaps you have heard of Helen Keller. If so, tell us how a wonderful teacher helped her to see and hear with the eyes and ears of her mind alone.

Follow information about Helen Keller with this story.

Michael Anagnos

Because of the work of a wonderful teacher who came to us from the land of Greece, blind and deaf boys and girls all over the country today can know God's world. When we see Greeks

[1] By permission of Century Co. *See* Reading List.

waiting on us in restaurants or shining our shoes, we forget the wonderful history of their people, the great men they have produced. I am going to tell you of a great Greek teacher for blind boys and girls who came to America from this little country down on the shores of the Mediterranean.

He is known in America by the name of Anagnos, but originally he was called Michael Anagnostopoulos, and he was born November 7, 1837, in a mountain village of Epirus, called Papingo. His father was a hard-working peasant, whose flocks the boy tended, studying meanwhile lessons given him in the village school. Through the advice of his teacher, he sought a scholarship in a neighboring school. Through rain and storm he walked for sixteen hours to his destination. The same indomitable courage and determination carried him on until he succeeded in entering the University of Athens. Few students would have persevered if, like Michael Anagnos, they had had to copy the required text-books by hand because poverty prevented the purchase of them. At the University, he earned his way by teaching two languages and reading proof. He graduated at the age of twenty-two. He then spent four years in the study of law, although he never practised it.

Accepting a position on the editorial staff of the *Ethnophylax*, the first daily paper of Athens, he soon became its editor. Political affairs led him into stormy experiences. He opposed the government of King Otho because of its failure to give people their rights. Arrest and imprisonment followed. In 1886 he espoused the cause of the Cretan Revolutionists, but as his fellow editors were not in sympathy with him, he resigned his position of editor. The active interest of Michael Anagnos in that affair proved to be a lodestar, for it brought him into association with Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the husband of Julia Ward Howe, that other lover of freedom. Doctor Howe, about this time, arrived in Greece to help the Cretans, and soon engaged the young man to be his secretary and assistant in the work of relief. When Doctor Howe returned to America, Mr. Anagnos accompanied him, to assist the Cretan Committee of New England.

Dr. Howe, who had grown to have a strong liking for the

young man, made him a teacher of Latin and Greek in the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston, of which he himself was the founder. He also made him private tutor of his own family. In this way the connection began which resulted in an opportunity for the great work which Mr. Anagnos was destined to do for the sightless people of America, and possibly of all the world.

In 1870 he married Julia Romana Howe, who was deeply interested in her father's efforts in behalf of the blind. They spent fifteen happy years together until her death. The failing health of Doctor Howe, soon after the marriage, put his son-in-law more and more in charge of the affairs of Perkins Institute and upon the death of its founder, Mr. Anagnos was elected his successor. This was a unique situation, that a native of Turkey and a subject of the kingdom of Greece, (although eventually he became a citizen of this country) should be placed at the head of a Boston Institution dependent on the liberality of the people of that city and of Massachusetts. But throughout the thirty years of his administration Mr. Anagnos amply justified his election. He set himself to the great task his predecessor had left uncompleted and brought the institution to a state of efficiency that is known and admired on both sides of the Atlantic.

One of his first and most noble acts was the raising of a fund of one hundred thousand dollars for books for the blind and for the establishment of a printing plant. The result of this was that every public library in Massachusetts was supplied with books usable by blind people; surely a wonderful boon to those afflicted ones. The kindergarten for blind children under nine years of age which was founded at Jamaica Plain was especially dear to him and his wife. He raised another one hundred thousand dollars to make permanent these good works. The training of the blind in self-supporting occupations and trades also received his particular attention.

In his work for the deaf-blind, he won world-wide fame, notably in what he accomplished for Helen Keller and Thomas Stringer. The case of Helen Keller is so well known that it does not need to be told here, but that of Thomas Stringer is

less well known and equally remarkable. In the words of Frank Sanborn, "In the helpless, almost inanimate little lump of clay that was brought to his door he saw the likeness of a human soul and immediately took measures to bring about its development and unfolding. So the little stranger entered the kindergarten for the blind in 1891. A special teacher was provided for him, and the education of Thomas Stringer was begun. The sightless, voiceless, seemingly hopeless waif was developed into an intelligent, sturdy, fine-appearing young man. He is strong and hale, thinks acutely, reasons rationally, judges accurately, acts promptly, and works diligently. He is honorable, faithful, straightforward, and trustworthy in all his relations."

Beautiful testimony to the influence of Mr. Anagnos was given after his death by one blind graduate of the institution: "His strength comforted our weakness, his firmness overcame our wavering ideas, his power smoothed away our obstacles, his noble unselfishness put to shame our petty differences of opinion, and his untiring devotion led us all to do our little as well as we could. . . . Better than all, he taught us to the best of our ability to be men and women in our own homes."

At his death, expressions of respect and appreciation came from institutions and teachers of the blind all over America. Governor Guild of Massachusetts at a memorial service in Tremont Temple, Boston, said: "The name of Michael Anagnos belongs to Greece; the fame of him belongs to the United States; but his service belongs to humanity."

—Adapted from *Our Foreign-born Citizens.*[1]

4. Discussion.

What is our church doing to pay our debt to the Greek people who gave us Mr. Anagnos? Are there any Greeks in our community? Do they need help in any way?

5. Expressional work.

(a) Ask the boys and girls to copy in their note-books the hymn quoted at the head of this session and, after discussion, sing it again.

[1] By permission of T. Y. Crowell Co. *See* Reading List.

(b) Some groups will find that their denominations have work for the blind. These groups may make posters of the work being done. In some way, by lettering or otherwise, it will be well to link this work up with that of the great Greek teacher who did so much and showed others how to work for the blind.

(c) If there is a blind and deaf institute in the vicinity, a trip to it could be arranged before the next session, when the impressions gained should be given.

(d) If one can be procured, a book for the blind should be shown the children and a demonstration given as to how it is used, emphasizing the part Mr. Anagnos played in getting books for the blind.

(e) A letter written by the boys and girls to the State School for the blind may furnish further interest.

6. Service activity.

(a) Through the week an effort may be made to find blind people in the community and some plan advanced for rendering bits of service.

(b) Have the children during the coming week find out something about the Greeks in their community and report at next session as to any needs they find, with suggestions as to what may be done. This can be done through community center, or organized charity.

7. Devotional period.

(a) SCRIPTURE READING: Read or tell from the life of Jesus a story of his healing the blind.

(b) PRAYER. Our Father, we thank Thee for the beautiful world in which we live. Help us to use our ears and eyes to the fullest in appreciation of Thy gifts. We thank Thee for Jesus Who opened the eyes of the blind. We thank Thee for Agassiz and Anagnos who taught the children of America to see with the eyes of their souls. Help us to find some way to repay to children of others the gifts these have made to us. *Amen.*

ELEVENTH SESSION

BUILDING TOGETHER A PEOPLE OF GOD

AIM: *To show that our religion has come to us, the gift of many races and nations.*

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

1. Song: "Faith of Our Fathers."

2. Approach to the lesson.

Read *Psalm* 119: 105. What do we mean today by God's Word? Lead the group to discuss the importance of this "Word of God," as evidenced by the place we give it in our churches and Sunday schools and daily life. Where did we get it? Bring out that it is the gift of the great Jewish people. Whom does it tell us about? Help the boys and girls to visualize the child Jesus in a Jewish home. Bring out the thought that, as the years passed, the great lamp that God had given his children to guide their feet was hidden until in Germany there was born the miner's son, Luther, who helped the world again to find its light. Here let some boy or girl tell the story of Luther.

3. Development of the lesson.

Martin Luther

Martin Luther was born in a German peasant home. His parents were sturdy, hard-working people. His father took his pick each morning and went down to the copper mines to dig ore. His mother trudged out into the forest for wood, which she carried home on her back for the hearth fire. Because both

his parents were ambitious for Martin to become a great man. they sent him away to Erfurt to school, when he was thirteen years old. He had but little money and earned most of his way by singing carols from door to door with a group of schoolboys.

One evening a kind-hearted woman, Frau Cotta, heard his strong, beautiful voice singing and asked him to come and live at her home. Frau Cotta was rich, and she could help pay his expenses at school. It was a bright day for the eager-minded boy when Frau Cotta took him to live under her comfortable roof. In due time Martin went to the university at Erfurt. He studied hard and won many honors. His father was happy and thought "now my boy will become a famous lawyer."

But Martin's plans were changed in a strange manner. It happened that in the summer of the year 1505, as he was riding back from a visit to his parents, he was overtaken by a terrible storm. Suddenly a bolt of lightning flashed in his face and struck the road just in front of him. Luther, terror-stricken, fell from his horse to the ground. "Help me," he cried, calling out the name of a saint of the Catholic Church, "and I will become a monk." The lightning passed by as quickly as it had come, and Martin Luther was safe; but the promise he had made in his fright he felt obliged to keep.

His father was dreadfully disappointed when he learned that his son had decided to become a poor and humble monk and to give up all chance of a brilliant career, but Luther thought it was the will of God which was made plain to him in the thunder storm and the lightning.

During the years spent in the monastery, Luther passed several hours each day in a way which was rather unusual in those times: he read his Bible. The Bible was written in Latin, which only the educated people could read; and even they often preferred someone's explanation to reading it for themselves. Since they seldom read Jesus' words, many of the priests and monks had almost forgotten his teachings. But Luther read his New Testament, and Christ and Paul became his great heroes. He resolved to follow just what they taught. So overjoyed was he with the wonderful words he discovered in the New Testament that he resolved to tell them to all the people of Germany. When

he was asked to be professor at the University of Wittenberg and parish priest for a near-by district, he felt that his chance to teach had come. So he left the big monastery and went to Wittenberg. He began at once to tell his new discoveries to his eager pupils in the university class-rooms. On Sunday he preached stirring sermons in his parish church. He always spoke with vigor and enthusiasm. His eyes shone and sparkled "like stars, so that one might not well bear to look into them." His hearers were thrilled with his words. Luther became a celebrated professor and preacher.

Then one day something happened which made plain to Luther the wickedness that had crept into Christ's church. There came to Saxony, the province where he lived, a priest named Tetzel. Tetzel was traveling through Germany. He would march into a town at the head of a procession of priests bearing candles and waving banners. A band of singers, part of his company, would chant songs and shake tinkling bells. Then Tetzel would enter a church, set up a red cross before the altar, and bid the people come forward and be forgiven of their sins. Now, how do you suppose they were to obtain this forgiveness? They would merely drop some money into an iron plate, whereupon Tetzel would give them a certificate signed by the Pope, saying their sins were forgiven. It was, of course, a huge money-making fraud. Only God can forgive sins. Jesus tells us not one can have his heart made pure and clean save by praying to God and obeying His will.

It was now, however, fifteen hundred years since Jesus and His apostles had lived and taught God's holy messages. The people rarely read their New Testament. They just believed what the priests told them, and since even the priests seldom studied the Bible, frauds like Tetzel's were not uncommon. So the people paid their money and carried off their "indulgences," as the certificates of forgiveness were called. They were glad it was so easy to get rid of their sins. But Luther knew better. His heart rebelled against this deception played by the Pope and his priests. He saw they were just stealing money from the ignorant people. What would Christ say, thought Luther, at the way His church was conducted? So one day Luther

stepped up to the church door and with a hammer and nails fastened upon it a paper. On this paper he had written ninety-five sentences. Each sentence was a separate attack upon Tetzel and the sale of indulgences. Luther challenged anyone to prove to him in debate that what Tetzel was doing had ever been taught by Christ. His brave act sent a thrill through the hearts of thousands of Germans. They knew he was right and the Pope wrong. Copies were made of his paper. In a few months these were circulated all over Germany, and Martin Luther's name was on the lips of everyone.

It was a momentous day when Luther, on October 31, 1517, nailed that paper on the church door. It was the beginning of the Great Protestant Reformation.

"But what," the people asked each other in whispers, "will the Pope do to Luther?" The Pope, the ruler of Christendom! For ten hundred years everyone had obeyed the Pope. His slightest word was law. Even kings trembled at his orders. "What would become of the poor insignificant monk who dared to oppose him?" Once before a man named Hus had disputed the words of the Pope, and he had been burned at the stake. Poor Luther!

Luther's enemies were beside themselves with anger. They summoned him to appear before a great council in the city of Worms, a council known in history as the Diet of Worms. There he was put on trial for his life. Everyone thought of Hus who had been burned at the stake by just such a council, and Luther's friends urged him not to go.

"I will go," he answered, "if I am carried sick on my bed." It was his duty to meet this council. He would not flinch.

When Luther walked into the assembly room, he saw arrayed before him all the princes and rulers of Germany. Over them presided Charles the Fifth, the young Emperor of half the European world. There sat men mighty in the Church. Most of them were ready to see him burned at the stake. It was surely a terror-inspiring moment. He saw a pile of books on the table. They were his own, in which he had described the wicked deeds of the Pope and the priests and had explained the true teachings of Jesus.

"Did you write these books?" he was asked.

"I did," he answered.

"Will you recant them?" was the next question asked. That is, "Will you declare what you wrote in them to be untrue?"

"Give me a day to think it over," Luther replied. On the morrow he again entered the council chamber and faced his accusers. When asked if he would recant what was in his books, he boldly declared that he had written what he believed was the truth, and he would not take it back until it was proved untrue.

"Do you believe the Pope and the council right or wrong?" they questioned him. Luther replied with the ringing words:

"I do not believe in either the Pope or the council alone, since it is plain that they have erred repeatedly themselves. Unless I am overcome with testimony of the Scriptures or with clear and transparent reasons, I will not and shall not recant contrary to conscience." His enemies rose to their feet in fury. The Emperor, amazed at Luther's daring, waved a hand as the signal to break up the assembly. Whereupon Luther cried out: "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen!"

Had it not been for the prince, Elector Frederick, the governor of his province of Saxony, Luther would have been executed immediately. The Emperor ordered Luther to go back to his home, thinking to do away with him later. Luther's friends then carried out a daring plot. As he was riding homeward through the Thuringian forest, they swooped down upon him and whisked him off to Wartburg Castle, high up in the hills. There they kept him hidden for a year and practically no one knew where he was. Most of the time during the year Luther sat in a room in the castle translating the Bible into German. This translation was circulated throughout Germany and for centuries has been read by the German people.

So for a year Luther remained hidden in Wartburg Castle. By that time his books were read and talked of all over Germany. The pedlers in the country told their customers about Luther's splendid courage when he faced the Diet of Worms. In the far-away hamlets in the hills the people talked of Luther when in the evenings they sat before their blazing hearths. He became the idolized hero of the German nation. After he was

released from the castle, he wrote many books and preached stirring sermons; and always he led the Protestant Reformation.

The light of Christ's teachings had been hidden for centuries behind dark clouds. These clouds were the false creeds and superstitions which people's imagination had created. Luther tried to brush away the clouds so that the sun of Christ's truth might shine again into the hearts of men and set them free from their selfishness and sin. A multitude of heroic men and women joined him in this great undertaking. Some of them were founders of the Protestant churches of Christendom. Others taught within the Catholic church to make it pure and spiritual again as it had been in the days of its glory, but perhaps the most stalwart of all these reformers was a miner's son—Martin Luther.

—Adapted from *Heroic Lives*.[1]

4. Discussion.

Draw out from the group how the people in England heard of the wonderful work of Luther and how they too began to study and love their Bible; how the Puritans of England read it for themselves and determined that they would live by it. Let the boys and girls review the coming of the early Pilgrims, Puritans, Quakers, and Huguenots to America for their religion's sake that they might read their Bibles and worship God as they pleased. Help the group to see what this meant to American life, how its very foundations were religious, the gift of English Puritans, Quakers, and French Huguenots. Have some child recall the story of William Penn and the founding of the city of "Brotherly Love"; of Penn's dealings with the Indians in contrast to the treatment accorded them by other groups who came from Europe. Penn sought to live up to the demands of love that he found in the Bible.

What other nations or races have come to America because of persecution? The group will tell of the Armenians who have fled from the Turks in these later times; of Jews who have escaped from Russia because of persecution. Then tell the story

[1] By permission of Beacon Press. *See* Reading List.

of Abraham Rihbany who, while he did not come because of persecution, came seeking a fuller opportunity for all-round development and brought with him a beautiful spirit of consecration and devotion, which he has laid at America's feet, his gift to his adopted country.

Abraham Rihbany

About fifty years ago, in a little town in Syria, the country where Jesus Christ was born, there opened his brown eyes another baby, to whom his parents gave the name of Abraham. Very important was his coming, for he was a boy and that was a great blessing to any family in that country, where boys were considered more important than girls.

A great many friends came to the house to congratulate the parents. Like the wise men of old, they brought presents to the baby, and this is still the custom in that land. They sang and "were exceedingly glad because unto them a child was born, a son was given." In due time the little Abraham was baptized into the Greek Orthodox Church, for his people had been Christians for generations. They had lived always not very far from the city of Antioch that we read about in the New Testament, and it is quite possible that little Abraham's great-great-great—oh, ever so many great-grandparents had been converted to Christianity by some of the people who had seen and known and loved Jesus Himself.

The father of the Rihbany family was a stone mason by trade, a contractor and builder, illiterate, but a man of "simple, unaffected dignity, kindhearted, remarkably industrious, and devoted to his family." In some ways, Abraham's mother was more gifted than his father, and the children went to her with all their troubles and questions. Her mind was quick. "She was swift both to hear and to speak, humorous and generous to a fault." She was also quite a beautiful woman and absolutely fearless.

The house in which little Abraham was born was an ordinary Syrian house, built of roughly-hewn stone. It was one story high and there were two rooms—a living-room, and a store-room.

The two windows were without glass, but they had wooden shutters. The roof was an earth-colored flat roof, like that on which Peter went up to pray in ancient Joppa. The earthen floor was painted with red mud and rubbed with smooth stones until it shone. There were no chairs or bedsteads, but the family sat on the floor on straw mats, cushions, and, in the winter season, soft and fleecy sheepskins. For beds there were thick cushions for mattresses, stuffed with wool or cotton, a pillow of the same material, and a quilt for a cover. In the daytime the beds were either rolled up and left on the floor, next to the wall, or they were tucked away in a recess in the wall. It was this kind of bed that the poor, sick man lay upon when Jesus told him to take up his bed and walk. It was not such a heavy task, you see.

When Abraham was still a very little chap, his mother brought him to the priest to begin his education. With about twenty-four other pupils, he sat on the straw mat on the floor with his legs crossed under him. Barefooted he was, of course, for in this country it is considered good manners to take your shoes off at the door, keeping your hat on your head. All the students in this school read aloud at the top of their voices, giving the impression to one who came into the room of being very busy, indeed, about getting their education. Abraham did not continue very long at this school, for the next year English missionaries opened a mission school in his town, and his father and mother sent him to that. In this school, taught by a native teacher, he saw for the first time a clock. He never grew tired of listening to its tick, tick, tick, such a wonder did it seem to him. Then, too, there were pencils, writing paper, chalks, new clean little books, all from the big city of Beirut, and, marvel of marvels, a Bible, the first he had seen. He liked to hear his teacher lead in the morning devotions, and he felt the prayers reverently. He longed with all his little childish heart to be like his teacher, to read the Bible with such power and dignity and to speak to God in prayer.

Later Abraham went to an American boarding-school in a near-by town. Here he came in contact with American missionaries and with Protestant Christianity. Years after, when

he was a grown man, he wrote: "I shall never forget the thrilling charm of my first Sunday-school lesson. Our topic was the story of Elijah's ascension into heaven in a chariot of fire. . . . To me the wonder of wonders was the fact that the Bible, the great and holy book of our religion, the Bible of which, as a Greek Orthodox, I had heard so much, but which I had seen so seldom in the hands of the laity (people who are not preachers), was now free and open to me, not only to read, but to study and to have explained to me, verse by verse by learned men!"[1] The next year Abraham joined the Protestant Church. He was now over seventeen years old. So good a pupil was he that in order to help him continue his studies he was given a position as teacher. At the end of three years, he decided to come to America.

After a very unhappy voyage, sickening to the last degree because of the crowded, unsanitary condition of that part of the boat in which third-class passengers were herded together, more like cows than like men, he reached America. He had nine cents in his pocket and owed forty dollars to his friends. His friends, having introduced him to a fellow townsman from the old country, now left him to his own devices, and the young Syrian, lonely and almost penniless, entered upon his new life in a strange land, far away from home and friends. He managed to borrow five dollars, however, from a fellow countryman, on which he could live until he could find a job.

Feeling lonely and homesick one afternoon, he strolled down to Battery Park, which, as you know, is the park at the very end of the island of New York. The sea and sky were very beautiful, but poor Abraham seemed to have no part in their beauty. He appeared to himself as "a fugitive in an unfriendly world." He was very lonely, and he wanted very much to see his mother. Then as he sat there, the sun began to fade away in the sky, and a strange strength or courage came into his heart. The beauty of the sea and sky seemed to have been made for him; he was the owner of all that he saw. Surely God the Father was very, very near and Abraham heard himself saying

[1] *A Far Journey.*

aloud, "The God Who created me and these wonders before me will never forsake me." So he arose and walked away a strong man. In his need in a lonely world, without a Bible, preacher, or priest, God had spoken to his very soul. He had many, many difficulties in this new strange land, but he never forgot this experience down by the sea.

It was hard for the young man at first in this country of strange, new customs, and he made many mistakes. It was a long time before he could always be sure whether to take off his hat or his shoes on entering a house. He had a great deal of trouble with his English. But in his heart was a great ambition to make enough money to go to college and then to be a preacher; and God helped him find a way.

First, Mr. Rihbany set himself to master the English language. He listened to the words of preachers, merchants, artisans, farmers, hack drivers, housewives, and others who spoke as they felt. Sometimes at church he would open his Arabic Bible, follow the Scripture as read by the minister, and thus learn what the English words meant. Again he would open his English Bible, and by following, would learn to pronounce. It was not long before his energy and perseverance were rewarded. A Methodist minister in Detroit, learning that he wanted to go to college and prepare himself for the ministry, gave Mr. Rihbany not only his sympathy, but helped him to get engagements to lecture in churches all over the country. He was thus able to enter Ohio Wesleyan University the following fall. After a lecture in Morenci, Michigan, the people of the Congregational Church liked him so much that they asked him to come and be their pastor. At first he would not consent to be their regular pastor because he had not completed his college course, nor had he been trained as a regular preacher. He knew very little about doctrines, but he had learned from people many things about God. He loved his New Testament, and he knew the words of Jesus, so he was at last prevailed upon to preach for the people at Morenci. He and his people loved each other. The church grew and prospered so that they had to build an addition to the auditorium in order to accommodate the growing congregations.

And all this time Abraham Rihbany was becoming more and more truly an American. When he had been only a short time in this country he appeared in the Court of Common Pleas of the County of New York, accompanied by an interpreter and "asked to be admitted into American citizenship." He says of this experience: "My heart never thrilled with holier emotion than when I assented to the oath of allegiance 'that it is bonafide my intention to become a citizen of the United States and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty, and particularly to the Sultan of Turkey of whom I am a subject.' It seemed to me at the moment, that by that act I had forever broken the shackles which had bound me and my forefathers for ages to the chariots of tyrants and had become a citizen of a country whose chief function was to make free, enlightened, useful men." [1]

When he first heard America sung, the line "Land where my fathers died" seemed to stick in his throat. It hurt him because he felt he could not truthfully sing the words, although America was now his own country by virtue of his free choice. At last, however, a new light broke in upon his understanding. He was led to realize that the fathers of his new and higher self did live and die in America. All those who fought for the freedom he enjoyed were his fathers for though, as a child, he was born in Syria, yet as a man, he was born in America.

He was now well established as a minister of the gospel, but he continued studying and learning, not only from books, but from people. He talked with Catholics, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Unitarians. At present he is the pastor of a large church in Boston. He loves all denominations and feels that he belongs to all. It was his mother church, the Greek Orthodox, that fixed in his little boyish soul the knowledge and love of Christ. It was the Presbyterian missionaries who gave him his first lessons in an open Bible. The Methodist Church in America was the first to extend to him in his lonely days of poverty and struggle in a strange land the brotherly spirit and the friendly touch. To the Congregational church he felt he owed his best thought on great religious questions. In return,

[1] *A Far Journey.*

he is trying day in and day out to give his best to his adopted land.

"Though one of the least of her loyal citizens," he says, "I am rich in the sense that I am helping in my small way to solve America's great problem and to realize her wondrous possibilities."

5. Service activities.

Perhaps in your own town evangelistic work is being done among the people of some other race or nationality. Allow the boys and girls to appoint a committee to find out their needs as to Sunday-school or other supplies which their local church might help furnish. Or the committee could investigate the needs of a mission congregation of their church and plan toward supplying those needs with the proceeds from their pageant.

6. Expressional work.

(a) Note-book work. Write a paragraph on each of the characters studied telling what he did to help build up a people of God.

(b) There are many dramatic possibilities in this lesson.

(1) Luther before the Diet of Worms.

(2) A kind of simple pageant might be worked out in a large outline here and used later in the closing public program in greater detail. One child may represent Religion; to him, another, representing the Jew, brings the Bible and Christianity; another, Luther, brings the "lost" Bible; a Puritan brings strength; a Quaker brings peace and brotherly kindness. Another child representing America presses Religion close and walks out with her. Of course, the boys and girls should work out these things for themselves, the leader simply suggesting. It need take only a few moments at the close of the lesson to carry out any one of these ideas.

(c) Let the class suggest how they might represent by posters what their church is doing by way of evangelization in German, Jewish, or Syrian centers. Dividing in groups, each group may choose the nationality for the poster. If your church

is not doing evangelistic work in any of these centers, of course, the posters will be made with reference to the communities that are being served,—Indian, Negro, Italian, or Polyglot.

The leader should have on hand the following poster material: pictures of the evangelistic work of your church both in church buildings and community centers among the nationalities mentioned in this lesson; or among other nationalities if your church is not working among these.

7. Prayer.

Lead the boys and girls to offer sentence prayers, thanking God for the gifts we have studied about today. Have them add the gifts of religion to the ritual of thanksgiving.

TWELFTH SESSION

BROTHERS TOGETHER MAKING THE FLAG

NOTE: The leader should have on hand for this session an American flag and pictures of community centers, their workers, and activities carried on by them.

AIM: *To lead the boys and girls to realize their responsibility for helping to make the flag mean a more truly Christian America for all who live beneath its stars and stripes.*

1. **Songs:** "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

2. **Approach to the lesson.**

Salute the flag.[1] Lead a discussion as to the significance of the flag. What do the stars mean? The stripes? Why do we salute the flag? Why do men take off their hats when it passes? What does it stand for?[2] What have we to do with what it stands for?

Ask a boy or girl to recite or read the following poem:[3]

We Are All Making the Flag

I am what you make me, nothing more.
I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color.
A symbol of yourself.
A pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation.
My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors.
They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage,
Firm with faith, because you have made
Them so out of your hearts.
We are all making the flag.

[1] See page 119 of this book.
[2] See "The Flag and What It Stands For," *Hymnal for American Youth*, page 59 of "Orders of Worship."
[3] By Franklin K. Lane. *Hymnal for American Youth.*

3. Development of the lesson.

Review the past lessons.

Name as many as you can of the races and nationalities in America which are helping to make the flag.

Tell some of the ways in which they have helped and are helping to make it.

What are some things that stand in the way in making the flag beautiful?

Have the group bring out here hindrances such as lack of educational advantages, poor living conditions, not knowing about God and what He wants people to be and do.

Do we enjoy blessings of education, home, and church? What does God want us to do about it? Let me tell you about a Chicago woman who is sharing her gifts with many nationalities in America.

Jane Addams

Little Jane stood one morning in proud possession of a beautiful new cloak, awaiting her father's approval. He looked at her a moment quietly, and then patted her on the shoulder.

"Thy cloak is very pretty, Jane," said the Quaker father gravely, "so much prettier, indeed, than that of the other little girls that I think thee had better wear thy old one." Then he added, as he looked into her puzzled, disappointed eyes, "We can never perhaps make such things as clothes quite fair and right in this hill-and-valley world, but it is wrong to let the difference crop out in things that mean so much more; in school and church, at least, people should be able to feel that they belong to one family."

Another day Jane had gone with her father on an errand into the poorest part of the town. It had always before seemed to her country eyes that the city was a dazzling place of toy and candy shops, smooth streets, and contented houses with sleek

lawns. Now she caught a glimpse of quite another city with ugly dingy houses huddled close together and thin, dirty children standing miserably about without either a place to play or the spirit to play.

"It is dreadful the way all the comfortable people stay off by themselves," said Jane. "When I grow up, I shall, of course, have a big house, but it is not going to be set off apart with all the other big homes; it is going to be right down among the poor, horrid, little houses like these."

When little Jane Addams grew to be older and went off to college in her own state, the study which she loved most was history, "the human tale of this wide world." After she had graduated from college, Jane entered the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia to prepare for real work in the world; but very soon she was taken quite ill, so ill, in fact, that the doctor said she must not study for at least two years, but must take a vacation.

Miss Addams spent these two years in Europe. While in London she saw much of the life of the great city from the top of an omnibus. Once she was taken with a number of tourists to see the spectacle of the Saturday night auction of fruits and vegetables to the poor of the East Side. Always afterwards, when she closed her eyes, she could see the scene. It seemed as if it would never leave her. In the flare of the gaslight which made weird and spectral the motley, jostling crowd and touched the black shadows it created into a grotesque of life, she saw wrinkled women, desperate-looking men, and pale children vying with one another to secure with their farthings and ha' pennies the vegetables held up by the hoarse, red-faced auctioneer. Her companions looked on with mingled pity and disgust; but the girl who saw what she looked on with the inward eye of her heart turned away her face. The poverty she had seen before had not prepared her for wretchedness like this. She knew nothing, of course, of the earnest workers who were devoting their lives to the problem of giving the right kind of help to those who, through weakness, ignorance, or misfortune, were not able to help themselves. Later on when she visited London she saw being done for these poor people the kind of

thing that she had dimly dreamed of when, as a little girl, she had wanted to build a big house among the ugly ones in the city. Here in the most evil and unhappy part of London she found a group of fine young men trying to share what good birth, breeding, and education had given them with those who had been shut away from every chance for wholesome living. They believed, too, that in their turn they might learn some things from their humble neighbors, things that the universities and books could not teach. It was now that Jane Addams decided what she was to do in the world. "I have spent too much time in vague preparation for I knew not what," she said. "At last I see a way to begin to live in a really real world, and to learn to do by doing."

And so, in the heart of a great, big industrial section in Chicago, where workers of thirty-six nations live closely together, Miss Addams went to live. She found a solidly built house with large halls, open fireplaces, and friendly piazzas. This she secured, repaired, and adapted to the needs of her work, naming it Hull House, from its original owner, one of Chicago's early citizens.

"What are you going to put in your house?" Miss Addams was asked. "Just what I should want in my home anywhere—even in your perfectly correct neighborhood," she replied with a smile. You can imagine the beautiful, restful place it was, with everything in keeping with the fine old house. On every side were pictures and other interesting things that she had gathered in her travels. Of course, Miss Adams was not alone in her work. Her friend, Ella Gates Starr, was with her from the beginning. Soon many volunteer workers came eagerly forward, some to teach kindergarten, others to take charge of classes and clubs of various kinds. They began by teaching different kinds of handwork which then had no place in the public schools. Classes in woodwork, basketry, sewing, weaving, and other handicrafts were eagerly patronized. There were also evening clubs and classes where boys and girls who had left school early to work in factories could learn to make things of practical value or listen to the reading and the telling of wonder stories.

"Young people need pleasure as truly as they need food and

air," said Miss Addams. So one of the new buildings that was early added to the original Hull House was a gymnasium, which provided opportunities for swimming, basket-ball, and dancing.

"We have swell times in Hull House club," boasted black-eyed Angelina. "Our floor in the 'gym' puts it all over the old dancing hall for a jolly good hop, no saloon next door with all that crowd, good classy music, and the right sort of girls and fellows. Then sometimes our club has a real party in the coffee-house. That's what I call a fine, cozy time; makes a girl glad she's living."

These people around Hull House are very kind to one another. One woman who supports her three children by washing would share her breakfast with the people in the next tenement because she had heard they did not have the money to buy enough to eat. A Swedish woman went to the laundry to work in the place of her German neighbor, that she might stay at her home with her sick baby. The Italians, who are used to the bright sunny fields of their own land, find the life in Chicago very hard. At one of the receptions at Hull House, an Italian woman was given a red rose. She could not believe, she said, that a rose could be brought so fresh all the way from Italy. She could not believe that roses grew in Chicago because she had lived here six years and had never seen one growing. For six years she had lived within ten blocks of florist shops, but had never seen one! One time, at an art exhibition held at Hull House, an Italian said that he didn't know that Americans cared for anything but dollars; he thought that looking at pictures was something people did only in Italy.

At Hull House the Greeks, Italians, Poles, and Germans find not only pictures that make them think of the beautiful countries from which they have come, but they can give plays of their own country and people. Old and young alike take part in the plays. The music classes and choruses give much joy to the people. Bohemian and Polish women sing their tender and stirring folk-songs. The voices of men and women of many lands mingle in Schubert's lovely melodies and in the mighty choruses of Handel.

Hull House has worked not only with the people, but for them

by trying to secure laws that will improve the conditions under which they labor and live. The girl who saw what she looked on with "the eye of the heart," has become a leader in the life and reforms of her time. "On the whole," one writer has said of her, "the reach of this woman's sympathy and understanding is beyond all comparison, wider in its span—comprehending all kinds of people—than that of any other living person."

Jane Addams has won her great influence with people by the simple means of working with them. Her life and the true Hull House, the work itself, not the buildings which shelter it, give meaning to the saying that "Labor is the house that love lives in."

—Adapted from *Heroines of Service*.[1]

4. Discussion.

Do you think you would like to go to Hull House? Why? Do you know of any place like this where love for all kinds of people is shown? Where "better Americans" are being made?

If there is a Community House near, the children by this time should have visited it and can tell about it. If not, the leader may put up before the children as large pictures as she can get of community centers operated by their denomination, the workers in these centers, and the various activities. Bring out in the discussion that these workers, like Miss Addams, are sharing their life with others that they all together may make more beautiful our flag.

5. Expressional work.

(a) Ask a boy or girl to tell the story of Sir Launfal, after which the children may write in their note-books the beautiful closing words of the poem.

(b) The children have in groups made posters representing the work of their church—educational, recreational, evangelistic, social, etc.—among the different races and nationalities. Have a spokesman selected by each group come forward, make a semi-

[1] By permission of Century Co. *See* Reading List.

formal presentation of his group's work to the class and explain the poster or posters. If the posters are not completed, they may be finished at this time.

(c) Have a rehearsal of the dramatization that is to be given publicly.

6. Devotional period.

By this time the ritual of thanksgiving will have been learned and the children may give this, both as a fitting close to the class work and as a preparation for its being given publicly.

7. Song: "O beautiful my country." (*Sung softly in closing.*)

Flag Salute

Two pupils, one carrying an American flag, the other a Christian flag, march to the platform. School stands.

American flag is held aloft.

School salutes American flag by lifting right hand, palm downward, to a line with the forehead and close to it. Standing thus, all repeat slowly together:

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States and to the republic for which it stands! One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

At the words "to the flag," the right hand is extended gracefully, palm upward, toward the flag, and remains in this gesture to the end of the pledge, whereupon it quickly drops to the side.

Salute to Christian Flag

Christian flag is held aloft.

American flag is grounded by placing the butt of the pole on the ground while the folds are held in the hand so that the colors never touch the ground.

School salutes Christian flag by extending right hand toward it and repeating:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Savior for Whose kingdom it stands; one brotherhood in Jesus, uniting all mankind in service and in love."

Flag Regulations

The American flag is the symbol of the brotherhood of man; it stands for courage, for chivalry, for generosity, for honor.

To bear the "Star Spangled Banner" is an honor; to own one is a sacred trust, for it is the emblem of freedom, equality, and justice for all.

The flag should not be hoisted before sunrise, or allowed to remain up after sunset. When being raised or lowered, it should not be allowed to touch the ground.

When the national colors are passing on parade or in review, and when they are being lowered at sunset and the "Star Spangled Banner" is being played, spectators should, if walking, halt, and if sitting, rise and stand at attention, with hats off.

When the flag is hung from a horizontal staff or rope, the union, or blue field, should be away from the building from which it is displayed.

When the flag is used as a banner, that is, suspended across a street, the union or field, should fly to the north in streets running east and west, and to the east in streets running north and south.

When the flag is hung against a wall or in decoration, so it can be viewed from one side only, the blue field should be at the upper right corner as one faces it. When hung horizontally, the field should be at the upper left corner.

The flag at half staff is a sign of mourning. In placing the flag at half staff, it first should be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position; and preliminary to lowering it from half staff, it should be raised to the top. On Memorial Day, it should fly at half staff until noon and at top of staff from noon until sunset.

Civic Creed for the Boys and Girls of the Great Republic

God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and we are His children, brethren and sisters all. We are citizens of these United States and we believe the flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country and will show our love for her by our works. Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare only —she asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her.[1]

[1] From "Story of the Flag," by Virginia Baker. Owen Publishing Co. *See* Reading List.

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